



No. 190.—VOL. XV.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1896.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MISS MAY EDOUIN AS POPPY SNAFFLE IN "NEWMARKET," AT THE OPÉRA COMIQUE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SPEAIGHT, REGENT STREET, W.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Musing one morning in the social desert of Piccadillia Infelix, I descried Olivia gazing into the window of a print-shop. Olivia, you must know, is one of our brightest story-tellers, a sparkling journalist with her face in the glass of fashion, and her brain in the woman's movement. The convolutions of Olivia's brain, as I have often told her, would furnish exciting themes for the British Association. Science, at all events, could desire no more decisive refutation of the ancient belief that woman was evolved from anything so material and prosaic as a rib of Adam's.

"You have caught me looking for ideas," said Olivia. "This window is a perfect warren of them; prints of hunting scenes and steeplechases, with jokes that would tax the strongest intellect. I shall really have to write on the steeplechase as an esoteric cult of humour." I murmured that I, too, was in search of ideas, and that I had found *her*. "That won't profit you much," said Olivia, "unless I throw in lunch. You had better come along to my club." There was a time when lunching at a woman's club was humbling to masculine pride. How could man ever reconcile himself to the situation of guest in such a case, to being asked what pleased him most on the bill of fare, to seeing his hostess calmly paying the bill? The horrid thought haunted him that this, perhaps, was the forerunner of a revolution that would change the relative positions of the sexes, and doom him to be taken out and fed at places where he could not abuse the food and bully the waiters! When this speculation first flashed across my mind, I muttered, in the immortal words of old Eccles in the play, "O society! O class legislation! Shall this be?" Since then I have recovered my equanimity, and now an occasional visit to Olivia's club is a guarantee of a keen appetite later in the day. I would not for worlds let her know this, nor that her club makes me wonder at the innate docility of women even in the midst of their most adventurous pioneering.

In the hall Olivia stopped to read some club notices, written in a bold, despotic hand. "Members are cautioned," ran one of them, "against leaving handkerchiefs, hand-bags, and other articles, lying about the rooms. These make needless trouble for the servants. A hair-pin, believed to be the property of Number 254, has been given in charge of the hall-porter." At that moment a small packet, containing the offending relic, was handed to Olivia, who said, with a sigh, "You see I am the culprit. How is one to be always thinking of one's hair-pins in moods of intellectual abstraction?" "This reformatory of yours seems to be rather severely managed," I ventured to remark. "If you have a number, why not a uniform, such as is worn in her Majesty's homes for undisciplined citizens?" "You do not understand the educational system of a woman's club," said Olivia. "Our proprietor has a great idea of social equality. We have discarded our names here because they may have associations which gratify unseemly pride. You cannot give yourself airs on a number. You behold in me 254, a poor journalist; but 253 lives in Belgrave Square, and is heiress to millions. I don't want any lessons in humility, but she does." "And I suppose she is convinced now that the unequal distribution of wealth is a social curse, and that she must divide her millions, giving you a share?" "Well, no," said Olivia pensively. "She has not reached that state of grace yet—in fact, we are not on speaking terms, and glare at each other; but you must give the system time."

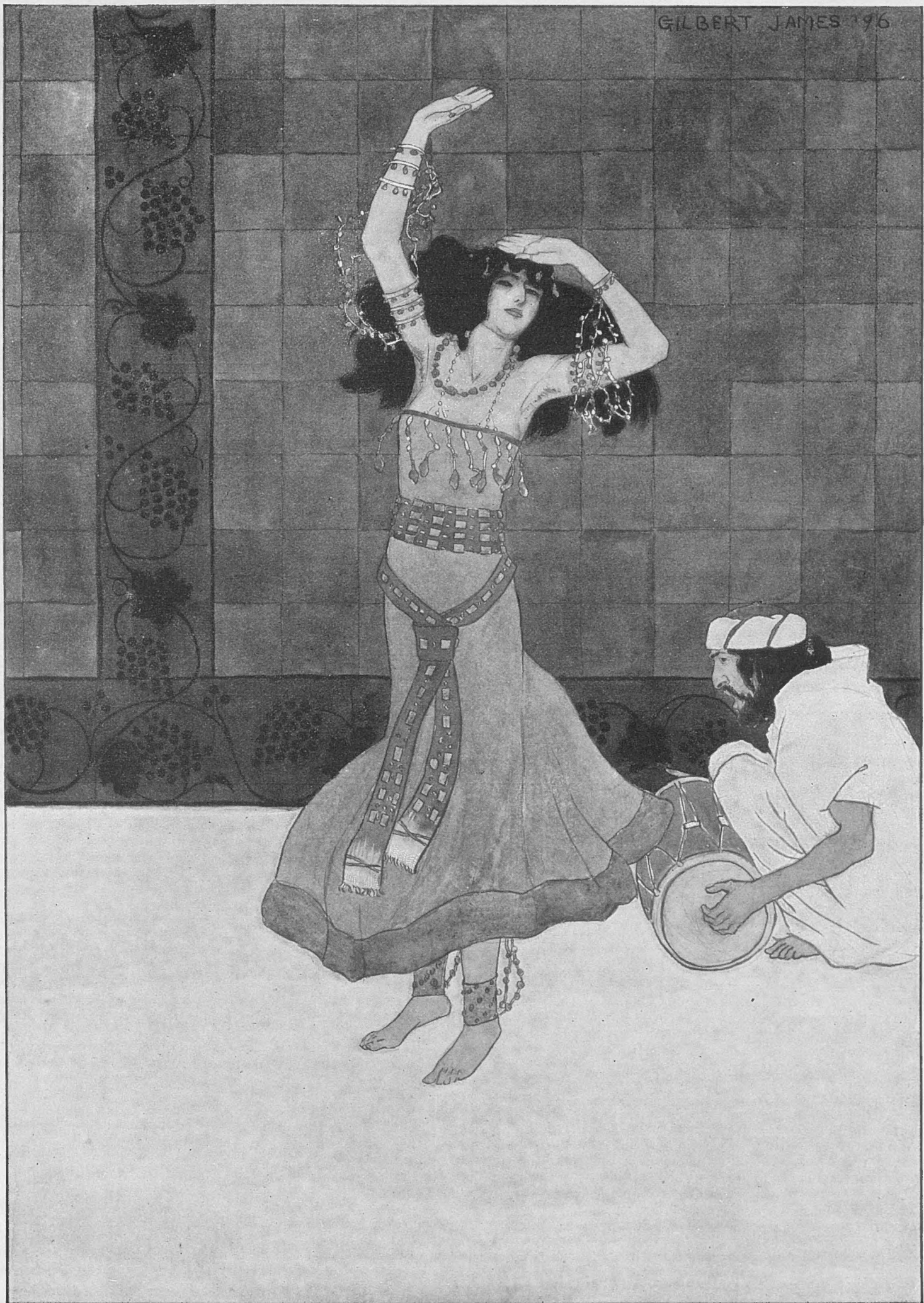
"At my club," I said, "a notice in the hall about stray hair-pins would cause the stairs to run with the blood of the Committee." "Men have such savage instincts," she responded. "One of our Numbers gave us a lecture on men's clubs. She said that when a man is discontented with his food, which is mostly always, he backs his bill for a fabulous amount, which the Committee have to pay. That is why your clubs are usually wound up." "A nice, well-informed Number she must be!" "Yes, she got all the information from her brother. She said, too, that the wine in a man's club is so strong that the unfortunate servants who draw the corks are often overpowered by the fumes of alcohol." "Ah!" I murmured bitterly, "I knew some traitor would betray us. That Number's brother will be found in the Thames before long with a corkscrew in his heart!" "The revelation made a deep impression here," continued Olivia, with a suspicious twinkle in her eye. "The proprietor took our wine-list home, and edited it with great rigour. A whole cellarful of the choicest vintages was sent away next morning. I fear you can't have anything very stimulating with your lunch."

If you can imagine Paccus grown thin and ascetic, with an inclination towards vegetarianism, and a habit of taking the waters at a German Spa, you will form some idea of the wine-list at Olivia's club. From a moderately joyous calendar of the grape it had been transformed to an Index Expurgatorius. "It seems to me," I said to Olivia, "that the spiritual director of this club sent away the choicest vintages because she didn't believe in them. From the glimpses you have given me of her character, I should say that she is determined to uphold the Truth above all things. Now, there is no greater error than the classical assertion—in *vino veritas*. I do not know whether Truth ever inhabited the bottom of a well; but she is certainly not to be found at the bottom of a bottle. Here, then, is a cardinal difference between your club and mine. Men still pretend that the wine-list is the register of sterling veracity. The shifting aliases of the choicest vintages are accepted as implicitly as the genealogies in Debrett. Every night I see old gentlemen, who, perchance, have spent the day in transactions not always consistent with the strictest probity, studying the wine-list as if it were a Messianic revelation. Their features, disturbed by the cares or crimes of commerce, assume an expression of holy peace. Bottles are brought to them reposing in baskets, with the innocence of an infant in its cradle, and they imbibe some decoction of liquorice and senna as if it were nectar from a celestial bin.

"Now mark the superior candour of your wine-list, and the subtlety of its discretion. Everything that might mislead the virginal palate is banished; what remains, were it accused of being wine, might honestly plead an *alibi*. Any Bacchanalian flavour it may ever have possessed has long departed from it. Yes, Olivia, your spiritual director is a woman of uncommon intellect. The fair and gracious Numbers, who drink the liquids she has vouchsafed to them, will say to themselves, 'And this is what Man calls wine!' and will despise him all the more. I declare your proprietor ought to be called the Ignatius Loyola of the woman's movement. She shows you Man still wallowing in his wine-list, still believing, poor creature, that his potions are pure; and she gives you a list which is as unseductive as an advertisement of chemicals. I admire her. I want to drink her health. No, thank you; not in any of the tipples here set forth. It is good for a man to come to your club; so, if you don't mind summoning one of the warders of this house of correction, I should like to christen my new-born ecstasy with a little brandy."

The warder, a solemn young woman in a pinafore, and a cap which was starched into a transcendental primness, stared at me with a frown, then went behind a screen, and said, "Number 254's guest wants brandy." "Is he ill?" demanded a cold, stern voice. "No." "Then what does he want brandy for?" "He says he likes it." "Tell him," said the voice, "that brandy is not served except to Numbers or guests in a dead faint." "You had better have a swoon," suggested Olivia. "My dear Number," I replied, "that craving for brandy was transient—the last kick, so to speak, of a froward spirit. I shall return to my club with quite a missionary fervour. If you don't mind, I will take with me this bill of fare, and propose it to the Committee as a regimen for our self-indulgent gourmets who are imperilling the cause of Man's supremacy. I believe the plain living and high thinking of women's clubs are more likely to bring about a social revolution than the public exercises of the New Woman. You see, the whole theory of a man's club is contrary to the elements of modern progress. It is a place for luxury and wassail. Nearly all the talk is of food and liquor. You will scarcely believe it, but I have known the eloquence of one entire meal devoted to the comparative merits of fried whiting and salmon suchet, and to anecdotes of the soups at all the clubs in Pall Mall. Two eminent men of my acquaintance quarrelled irreparably because one of them maintained that the oyster soup at the Junior United Bottleholders was made with guttapercha, and the other swore that it was the best kamptulicon!"

Olivia toyed with her bread and sighed. "It is awfully treacherous of me," she whispered, "but I will tell you a secret." She glanced around, as if fearful of being overheard by the transcendental starch, which was nodding ominously in a corner. "The truth is that we are not all plain-livers and high-thinkers. I know quite a lot of Numbers who eat a great deal at restaurants whenever they get the chance. I've a frightful appetite myself, especially for everything indigestible—what the newspapers call *recherché*." "The cause of Man is saved!" I said. "Do you think you will be very hungry this evening about seven-thirty?" "Certain," said she. "So shall I. We'll celebrate the strange coincidence!" With this plot on their unshriven souls, two guilty creatures stole out of Olivia's club. "Number 254 has all her wits about her, if not her hair-pins," she remarked, as we passed the notices in the hall.



SALOME.

DRAWN BY GILBERT JAMES.

THE LATE MR. JAMES LEWIS.

The death of Mr. James Lewis, who succumbed suddenly on Thursday to a heart affection, robs Mr. Augustin Daly's Company of Comedians of an able colleague, and the public on both sides of the Atlantic of as



MR. LEWIS AS SIR TOBY BELCH.

genial a stage personality as it possesses. It seems only the other day that we laughed with him at the Comedy Theatre, for as the pompous, fussy Court von Counsellor Mittersteig in "The Countess Gucki," and the commonsense old gentleman in "Love on Crutches," he and Miss Rehan gave Mr. Daly's short season at the Comedy this summer almost the sole *raison d'être* for its hurried trip to London. Mr. Lewis had come across with Mr. Daly ever since the American manager had entertained the London public, and he was seen in the whole repertoire of the company. His conception of Shaksperian comedy did not always please the hypercritical classicists, but it certainly appealed to the general public to whom Mr. Daly never closes his eye. His Sir Toby Belch in "Twelfth Night" was typical of his method, and will long be remembered by those who had the good fortune to see that much-discussed entertainment. What Mr. Lewis really excelled in was his assumption of the rôle of the elderly gentleman, hen-pecked (invariably by Mrs. Gilbert) into a pacific philosophy of his own case in particular and the world in general. His

physiognomy was essentially humorous, and his crisp, clear voice seemed designed by nature for the parts he played. It is true he had a distinct American accent, which was scarce in keeping with the Shaksperian picture of manners in Elizabethan England; but, then, he had such a keen sense of humour that one forgot all that. He was the relic of a school that is rapidly vanishing, and Mr. Daly will find it hard to replace him. Mr. Lewis was nearly sixty years of age, and had spent a quarter of a century with Mr. Daly, with whose quaintly named "Company of Comedians" he was a great favourite, as he was with the general public.

A NEW DRAMA AT DRURY LANE.

A CHAT WITH MR. JOHN COLEMAN.

Crossing the stage of Drury Lane Theatre one day last week, where I reflected (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), if not on the identical stage, yet on the same site, the greatest triumphs in dramatic art have been witnessed for more than two centuries past, from the time of Betterton to the later days of the Keans and Macready, I made my way to the managerial sanctum of Mr. John Coleman, whose life-work, being so closely interlinked with that of the celebrities last mentioned, renders his production of the forthcoming drama of "The Duchess of Coolgardie" a particularly interesting addition to the traditions of the house. It may have been this association or it may have been something in the cordial politeness of his reception that induced me to hark back to the early history of the stage, and to ask if the Mrs. Edward Coleman who played Ianthé in "The Siege of Rhodes" in the seventeenth century under Davenant (who with Killigrew, as we know, obtained royal patents for their respective theatres by reason of their prudent policy in substituting the engagement of actresses in the place of boys for the women's parts) was a relation of his. Mr. Coleman not only assured me that that was so, but that the Colmans, the elder and the younger, were of the same stock, while their motto, "Be just and fear not," which is to be found on their tomb in the Cloisters of Westminster Abbey, is that used by his own family.

"But a much more interesting and romantic fact," he added with kindling eye, "is that when a mere boy I recited to Macready in the Grand Saloon of this very theatre, while to-day I sit chatting to you as its

manager. I had run away from home with the fixed determination of becoming an actor. I will not enter into all the details of my adventure; it will suffice to tell you that I managed to penetrate into Macready's actual presence, where, with unconscious effrontery, I induced him to listen to my recital of Young Norval and to Hamlet's soliloquy, and even went so far as to suggest his engaging me to play Prince Arthur in 'King John.' I must have amused him, I think, for he came up to me, patted me kindly on the head, and I need scarcely add that he sent me back to my father. When I became an actor, I cherished the hope that he had not recognised me as the perpetrator of this youthful indiscretion, but subsequently I ascertained that he had known me all the time."

But the energetic young man was not to be turned from his purpose, for he ran away again while he was studying to become an architect, and managed to get engaged at Leicester, Belfast, and Glasgow, and at the last-named city held a subordinate position in Anderson's (the Wizard of the North) company. Thence he went to the Adelphi, where Mr. William Murray saw him act in Serjeant Talfourd's "Glencoe," and engaged him at once for the famous Theatre Royal Company at Edinburgh.

"Ah, what a host of talent was comprised in that company of actors and actresses!" he remarked. "We had Edmund Glover, Bob Wyndham and his wife, George Maynard, Sam Cowell, Mackay (the famous Bailie Nicol Jarvie), Mrs. Leigh Murray, Miss Cleaver, Miss Nicol, Mrs. Tellet, and many others. And then our 'stars'—Macready, Charles and Mrs. Kean, Edwin Forrest, Fanny Kemble, Helen Faucit, the Mathewses, Buckstone, Webster, Rachel, Taglioni, and a score of others. You may imagine what a wonderful school that was for me. Before I was nineteen I became principal tragedian in Bath and Bristol, playing opposite parts to Macready—Othello to his Iago, Macduff to his Macbeth, Icelius to his Virginius, Ulric to his Werner, Edgar to his King Lear, Prince of Wales to his Henry IV." Afterwards Mr. Coleman went to the Worcester Circuit, the Norwich Circuit, and the Great Northern Circuit; subsequently to Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sheffield, Liverpool, Manchester, and was recognised as a "star" in every theatre throughout the United Kingdom, and at twenty-one became lessee of the Theatre Royal, Sheffield.

"I was ambitious, and would gladly have come to town," Mr. Coleman went on; "but the London managers were not anxious to have a rival 'star' in their own theatres, while their terms were but five pounds a-week, though Fechter offered ten pounds and proposed to divide the business with me; so I determined to stick for a while to the provinces, where I became manager of the theatres in many of the principal towns—Leeds, where I built a new theatre, Hull, York, Doncaster, Lincoln, Liverpool, Glasgow, and the Isle of Man. At length a theatre—the Queen's, in Long Acre—became vacant, and I engaged a powerful company, including Signor Salvini, who opened to a house of £90, and shut to £18. I myself opened as Henry V., while my friend Samuel Phelps played my father. Of that splendid spectacle it befits me not to speak." I here reminded Mr. Coleman of the remark attributed to Chatterton anent Shakspeare, but my companion warmly denied that Chatterton had ever given utterance to it.

More recently Mr. Coleman has had many offers to go to America, but, for one thing, the illness of his wife kept him at home, while his attention was turned to literature. "Curly: an Actor's Story," was his first essay, and it appeared in the *Graphic*, and has since been published in book form in numerous editions. Then he wrote the novels "The White Lady of Rosemount" and "Thrice Wedded," both in three volumes. He also contributed a number of articles, entitled "Twilight Tales," to the *People*, while Mr. Bentley induced him to give his reminiscences, which appeared in *Temple Bar* and in other magazines, and afterwards in volume form, as "Players and Playwrights I Have Met." Nor has his pen been idle as dramatist; besides collaborating with Charles Reade, Tom Taylor, and Buchanan, he has adapted "Monte Cristo," "Catherine Howard," "Valjean," and "The Three Musketeers," to name only a few of the more important items.

"No, I have not dramatised my own books," said Mr. Coleman in reply to a question; "I find, I don't know why, that I cannot adapt my own work." It was while he was manager at the Olympic that he brought out "The Shadow of the Sword," which he wrote in collaboration with Robert Buchanan. Speaking of parts with which his name is especially associated, Mr. Coleman instances Evelyn in "Money," and John Mildmay in "Still Waters Run Deep," each of which he must have played, he thinks, more than a thousand times. Mr. Coleman excuses himself from discussing the plot of the forthcoming play, "The Duchess of Coolgardie," by Messrs. Euston Leigh and Cyril Clare, only assuring me that though the scene is laid in the goldfields of Australia, as was that in "Never Too Late to Mend," it is practically a different story altogether, and has small affinity with Charles Reade's play. Adverting to his first intended title, "Gold," he remarked, "Charles Reade's 'Never Too Late to Mend' was founded on his novel 'Gold,' and that play was no sooner produced by E. T. Smith than the pirates pounced on it. Reade tried all he knew to restrain them, but he found himself powerless. It was not until he threatened proceedings for the infringement of his copyright of 'Gold' that he was successful."

Mr. Melton Prior has been commissioned by the Proprietors of "The Illustrated London News" to proceed at once to Constantinople to make sketches during the present crisis in the East.



MISS SADIE JEROME AS LADY ASCOTTE IN "NEWMARKET," AT THE OPÉRA COMIQUE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SPEAIGHT, REGENT STREET, W.

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"THE SENTIMENTAL SEX."

In Miss Gertrude Warden's "The Sentimental Sex" (Lane) a great deal is sacrificed to smartness, of course—everything in the way of fairness, for instance. The type of the "sentimental sex" is a brainless Hercules. The unsentimental half of humanity is represented by a disagreeably sophisticated and disillusioned woman. There are unpleasant sayings and doings which a more skilful writer would not have needed to use in this comedy or tragedy or tragi-comedy. It is no more an amiable book than it is a fair one, but it is distinctly amusing, and with bright flashes of truth in it. Niel Vansittart, the feeble-minded, emotional Australian with the splendid physique, who reads poetry in solitude—bad poetry by preference—and falls in love with "Iris," the unknown authoress of a book of verse, is more than merely amusing. Through him Miss Warden aims at, and hits very precisely, the boundless egotism of the stupid man with a sentimental nature, his unlimited power of irritating a person of quicker parts, his injustice, his capacity for making himself and others unhappy. Iris is less finely drawn, and with, I think, some improbabilities. Do young women of ability who have in the past written and published delicately erotic, if rather feeble verse, and published it under the name of "Rainbow Lights," afterwards take to personal society journalism, and describe the dresses and retail the gossip of the parties they go to? That is Iris's position when the primeval savage with the weak head comes to London to effect a marriage by capture with her. She is a disagreeable woman; but then there is nothing intrinsically beautiful about stupidity—rather, it can be as revolting, indeed, as physical deformity—and so we are ranged only too easily on the side of brains. The Herculean imbecile suffers very badly, which is a pity. The book is a cruelly rough attack on a feeble thing. It keeps our agreement throughout, but never our sympathies.

Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley, of Risley Hall, near Derby, has purchased the whole of the Scotch estates of the late Mr. Sydney Hadwen, of Halifax, comprising the deer forests and moors of Reltonie, Culrain, Hilton, Auchnagart, and Altnacorrie, in all about 8000 acres. The estates abound with deer and black game, and the salmon-fishing is among the best which Scotland affords.

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How many people who heard that Princess Maud numbered among her wedding-presents a Brussels griffon—the gift of Mr. Alfred Sewell—knew what it really was? The griffon of old was scarcely the sort of thing to give a blushing bride. A griffon is. These little dogs have become favourites in England only within the last few months, and made a good show at Boulogne in August. Five of them, owned and bred by M. François Devoghel, of Rue Scailquin, Brussels, were among the best



JULES.

Photo by Hugo, Brussels.

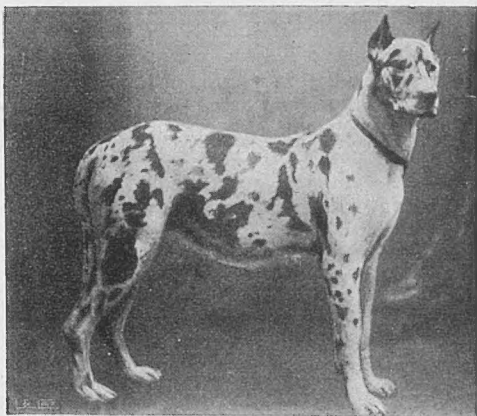
dogs exhibited there, winning general commendation both on the bench and in the judges' ring, besides taking first and other honours. Jules, who is under two years old, was awarded a well-deserved first prize on this occasion, and gained from Mr. Krehl, who went over to judge, the verdict of being the best of his breed that he had ever seen. Four of the group are well known to frequenters of London shows, Jules having taken a second prize at the Aquarium Show of Pet Dogs; Porthos a first both at Cruft's Show in the Agricultural Hall and, later, at the Aquarium; Bebelles shared the same honour at the latter show last May, and Mira II. took a good second on both these occasions. These game-looking little dogs have a good character from those who have already adopted them as household pets;

they are said to be faithful and affectionate to those they love, though, as a rule, they are shy and do not take readily to strangers. They are splendid watch-dogs, and have a very acute sense of smell; added to this, they are remarkably intelligent, and show a wonderful capacity for learning tricks.

Remarkable for their immense size and magnificent proportions are the two dogs belonging to M. Aaron, of Paris, which were important features of the recent Boulogne Dog Show. Both of them are familiar to frequenters of London shows, where each has already taken first honours. Champion Santa Valeria, the Great Dane, won her championship in October of last year at the Crystal Palace. She was born in August 1893, and began her career on the show-bench in Paris last year, when she was awarded a first prize and the *Prix d'Honneur*. She had similar successes during the same year at Reims, Bordeaux, and the Crystal Palace. This year she has repeated her former successes in Paris, and at the Boulogne Show took a well-deserved first prize. She is very graceful in form, in spite of her immense size, and most intelligent-looking. She is a white dog with black spots, a comparatively rare colouring in Great Danes.

Brutus Levallois, one of the most-discussed *dogues de Bordeaux*, was also among the first-prize winners at the recent Boulogne Dog Show. He is a splendid specimen of his breed. His colour is a red fawn, with a black muzzle, and he has fine wrinkles. Bred by M. Aaron, he has scored a long list of honours, commencing with a first prize and the *Prix d'Honneur* in Paris in 1892. In 1894 he took the Medal of the Minister of Agriculture at the Paris Show, a first prize at Anvers in 1895, and the first at the Crystal Palace in October last for foreign dogs. This year, before the Boulogne Show, he secured a first prize and the Gold

Medal of the Minister of Agriculture at the Paris Show, and a first prize at Rouen.



SANTA VALERIA.

Those of my readers who are familiar with the city of Peterborough, and have admired the glories of the west front of the cathedral, will learn with regret that the recent examinations of the architect have revealed a worse state of things with regard to the unsafety of this most noble portion of the fine old fane than was anticipated. It has long been

known that the west front was in a deplorable condition, and an authority, writing of its beauties some seven years ago, declared that "the insecurity of the whole, built without any buttress on the west, is manifest. The whole west front is in a dangerous state. For the last quarter of a century hardly a year has passed without some warning having been given of its insecurity." Subscriptions are invited, and the response should be liberal, for it was to Peterborough west front that an eminent authority is said to have referred when he spoke of "the grandest portico in Europe." The exact date of its erection is not known, but it was probably about 1235, for the existing building was solemnly dedicated in 1237. This is not the cathedral so graphically described by Kingsley in "Hereward the Wake," that "Goldenborough" which he threatened with fire when but a mere lad, and which he did his best to save when the Danes and Finns came to burn and plunder,

That cathedral (the second built upon this site), though it escaped with only serious damage, thanks to Hereward and his English, was destroyed by fire in 1116, and the building which lovers of English architecture are invited to preserve was begun a couple of years later. I am afraid the spirit of piety that reared the building has died out, or some one of our many modern millionaires might surely be found to apply a fraction of the proceeds of beer or diamonds to complete so admirable a work as the saving of this magnificent specimen of Early English architecture.

An amusing story comes to me, through an English doctor, of a lady bather at a fashionable French watering-place. It appears that it is the custom there to provide the fair bathers with a

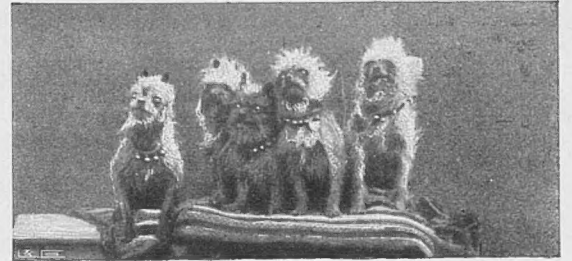
pan of very hot water after the bath, so that their feet may not be inconvenienced by any particles of sand. The practice of dipping one's feet into hot water immediately after a cold bath is one, I am told, that is extremely dangerous to persons with weak hearts. From a heart affection the lady to whom I have referred suffered, and the result of putting her pretty feet into hot water was that she fainted dead away. A shout was raised for a doctor, and the English medico rushed down to render assistance. On entering the machine he found the attendant trying to prop the tall, graceful, dazzlingly fair, but perfectly nude figure of the interesting invalid into an angle of this refuge. "What on earth are you doing with Madame?" asked the doctor. "I am trying to keep her up," replied the attendant. "Lay her down flat at once, man," shouted the medico. "Oh, yes, if you say so; but what a pity to soil the beautiful skin of Madame!" To this the doctor only grumbled that it was better to have a live and sandy than a dead and unsoiled body. The lady was removed to her hotel, covered with sand (and certain towels and garments), and I understand that, after considerable delay, she was restored to consciousness.

I see that Sarony, the celebrated theatrical photographer, has successfully opened a new studio at New York. My recollections of Sarony go back to the far-off days when he carried on a large business at Scarborough, and photographed in various positions most of the theatrical "stars" who appeared at that Yorkshire seaside resort during the summer season.

The management of "The Telephone-Girl," which is being successfully toured with Miss Ada Blanche in the title-part, have hit upon a pleasing way of giving bold advertisement to the last piece personally produced by Sir Augustus Harris. On the opening night of the engagement at Glasgow, invitations were issued to all the damsels employed in the local telephone exchange. In this musical comedy, I note, Miss Alice Barnett, who has been obliged to start for America, has been succeeded as the Lady Superintendent by Miss Alice Aynsley Cook, who is a worthy chip of the old block.

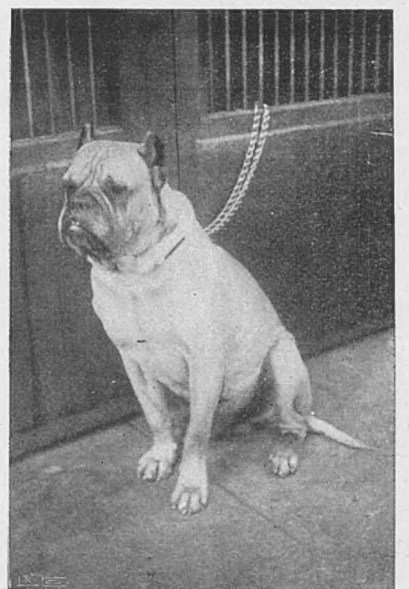
That is a most extraordinary story about the Hungarian "three little maids from school," aged respectively fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen, and all Countesses in their own right, who have arranged to come out on the music-hall stage. Supposing they did visit England, would there not be keen competition between Mr. Charles Morton, of the Palace, and the authorities of the Syndicate Halls, for the exclusive engagement of "the three young and beautiful Sisters Basquez"?

The latest exploit of Father Hyacinthe has been to engage the Khedivial Theatre at Cairo for the purpose of delivering an eloquent, impassioned, and vigorously reasoned lecture against the Mussulman harem system. Father Hyacinthe was followed very attentively by many representative Egyptians, who seem to have respected him for the pluck with which he uttered opinions which he must have known were repugnant and unfamiliar to them.



GRIFFONS.

Photo by Hugo, Brussels.



BRUTUS LEVALLOIS.

As I was approaching *The Sketch* office the other afternoon, I beheld a terrifying sight. A poet whose fancy is the delight of these columns appeared at an upper window, fifty feet from the ground. There was frenzy in his eye, and a rope round his middle. I had an instant dread that much rhyming had made him mad, and that he was about to hurl himself into eternity, leaving me to pen an obituary notice. The next moment I saw him in mid-air, slowly and gracefully descending. When he reached the ground, I rushed impulsively at him, clasped his hand, and tearfully exclaimed, "Thank heaven, you are safe! Is it inspiration for a sonnet, rash bard, that you have sought in this fearsome way?" "Sonnet!" said he, with Scottish equanimity. "Man, it's a new fire-escape." Well, in future, I hope that J. M. B., who, by the way, was in the fire at Bayreuth (where there was no escape), will give public notice of these experiments, as he gives to the public his sensations in a jingle—

'Twas a terrible abyss,
And my feelings weren't bliss,
As I shudderingly surveyed it from the brink;
But the gallant fireman said,
When he saw I shook my head,
"Oh, it's nothing, for we'll lower you in a blink!"

There were fifty feet below,
But I volunteered to go,
Though on second thoughts, it wasn't to my taste;
So they took a canvas belt—
Little dreaming how I felt—
And they put it 'neath my armpits, near the waist.

Then I took my topper off,
For I thought the folk would scoff
If I tried to make the journey down in that,
And a fellow whispered "Lower!"
And I forthwith left the shore—
Which is saying that they pushed me from the flat.

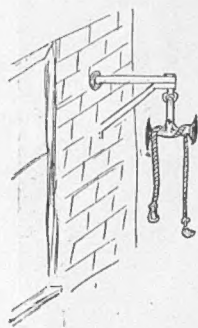
When they gave a gentle shove
And I saw my friends above,
There wasn't any chances of retreat;
So suspended on the rope,
I abandoned every hope
Of ever getting downwards to the street.

As I dangled in the air,
How, or why, or when, or where,
I had hardly any notion in my brain;
For in turn I saw the skies,
And, beneath, the wondering eyes
Of the curious spectators in the lane.

But at last I touched the ground,
Terra firma, safe and sound—
It was *facilis decensus*, all the way;
And I truly can commend
Every enemy and friend
Just to try it any morning that they may.

For it's better than the Wheel,
While a switchback makes you reel,
And it's really quite as jolly as the shoot;
It may charm you as a game,
It may save you from the flame
When your humble habitation burns to soot.

To come to plain, bold facts, however, let me say that the Hawk Household Fire Escape, which is the name of the apparatus on which my friend dangled, is the invention of Messrs. Carrol and Seary, and simplicity, strength, and quickness in action are claimed as its leading qualities. A child can use it, it will bear the weight of half a ton, and, in the words of the inventors, "it is so quick in action that a man can save wife, family, and himself in one or two minutes." It consists of a few simple parts—namely, a fixture in the wall, a rope and swivel to be attached thereto, and a canvas band in which to sling oneself. One distinct advantage over other escapes is that the lowering of persons is continuous, the descent of one person bringing the apparatus into position for the descent of the second, and so on, without loss of time. One of the inventors tells me that he lowered himself and three other men in one minute. You will see from the illustration how the thing works. The whole apparatus, with forty feet of the best Italian hemp rope, is to be had at the small price of twenty-five shillings.



I am glad to hear that the Benchers of the Temple are not to annihilate the pigeons in that seat of learning after all. It was alleged that dignified professors of the law were much incensed by the habits of these birds, which do not always respect the spotless sanctity of wigs and gowns. My own opinion is that the Benchers are jealous. The Temple pigeons are far more picturesque than the legal personages. They excite more popular interest. A Bencher might cross the Temple a dozen times a day without attracting the attention which is paid to a pigeon. The excuse that hats and garments are soiled is obviously ridiculous. Pigeons congregate elsewhere without provoking a demand for their extinction from fastidious people. After all, what is the importance of a Bencher's toilette? Does he suppose that the visitors who throng the space in front of St. Mark's at Venice, where the pigeons are numerous, would be such Vandals as to agitate for the slaughter of these feathered Venetians? If the wandering barrister is so solicitous about his precious appearance, let him carry an umbrella.

Among the many lovely country seats with which England is adorned, there are few which combine such wonderful natural beauty and such great historic interest as Cowdray Park, Midhurst, the seat of the Earl of Egmont. In a lovely situation on the banks of the River Rother, embowered in trees, stand the ivy-covered ruins of old Cowdray House, the ancient home of the Montague family, and some idea can still be gained of the beautiful Tudor mansion, with its wide central quadrangle, its grand hall, and massive gateway. Tradition has long connected the destruction of Cowdray House and the extinction of the Montague family with the curse that is said to follow the despoilers of the Church. Sir Anthony Browne, the first of the Brownes of Cowdray, and father of Viscount Montague, though a staunch Catholic, contrived, like many others, to reconcile his conscience to the acceptance of many grants of Church lands from that arch-spoiler Henry VIII. Among these was included the Priory of Easebourne, founded by one of the early holders of Cowdray Manor, John de Bohun, on his safe return from the battle of Crécy. The Prioress, when called on to resign the keys of the house, invoked on the spoiler the "curse of fire and water," which should follow his race till it perished out of the land. For many generations, however, the curse remained inactive, for as long, indeed, as the Montague family, though enjoying their ill-gotten gains, still clung to their ancient creed. In an evil hour, however, the seventh Viscount Montague married a Protestant lady, a member of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connection, and under her influence he abandoned the faith of his forefathers. The chapel at Cowdray was dismantled, though efforts to hold schismatic services there proved useless because the lights always went out in a mysterious manner after a few minutes; but conventicles were held by Lady Huntingdon herself under the shade of the magnificent chestnut avenue in the park. Lord Montague himself repented of his evil ways on his death-bed, and was reconciled to the Church, but his children were brought up by their mother in her own stern Calvinistic creed.

The only son, a few years after his accession to the title, was drowned, at the age of twenty-four, in a foolhardy attempt to shoot the falls of Laufenburg, on the Rhine, and the story goes that the courier bringing home the fatal tidings was met at Calais by another messenger with the news that Cowdray House was burnt to the ground. The double disaster, indeed, is said to have occurred on the same day. The heiress, Lord Montague's only sister, had two sons, and their grandmother, the Dowager Viscountess, seems to have lived in hourly dread that the family curse would some day overtake them. Fortunately, she did not survive to see the final disaster. The two boys were drowned at Bognor by the capsizing of a boat before the eyes of their parents. The distant connection to whom the title passed died without heirs; the curse was fulfilled, and the line of the Montagues was extinct. The estates were sold to the sixth Earl of Egmont; and his nephew, the present Earl, built the new house, which stands on the site of the keeper's lodge where the Montague family resided after the burning of Cowdray. In the park a fine pollard oak, known as Queen Elizabeth's, bears record of her stay at Cowdray in the time of the first Viscount Montague. Edward VI., during his brief reign, was also a visitor at Cowdray, and there, too, the heroic Countess of Salisbury, the niece of Edward IV., and last of the Plantagenets, was imprisoned, though removed to the Tower before her execution.

Mr. U. P. Swinburne, who appears elsewhere with Mr. Burnham in the photograph, is a typical Colonist. He is the second son of Sir John Swinburne, Bart., of Capheaton, Northumberland, one of the first pioneers of Rhodesia now living. We believe we are correct in saying that Sir John penetrated beyond what is now Khama's land, and reopened the goldfields of the Tati district upwards of thirty years ago. Umfreville Percy Swinburne was born in Africa in 1868, was sent to England for education, and then returned to Rhodesia and the rough-and-ready life of the pioneer. He went through the Matabele War of 1892, and then, as during the present rebellion, accomplished excellent work as a scout, for which his thorough knowledge of the country and the natives admirably fitted him. The fact that he has been associated with Mr. Burnham in several hazardous exploits proves him to be possessed of a daring spirit, tempered only by that calm and coolness of mind so essential in "nigger" warfare. Personally, Mr. Swinburne is esteemed and respected by the whole colony of Rhodesian settlers. Our photograph was taken immediately after the fight at Umgusa River, when 230 of the Chartered Forces, under Colonel Napier, charged a dense rebel impi and routed them, after a stern hand-to-hand encounter.

As I read the story of Mrs. Keveth and her seven soldier sons (portrayed elsewhere in this issue), I couldn't help contrasting the art of the ballad to-day, as practised by the virile Kipling, and the wobbly fatuousness of the Wordsworthian theory of the same. For I can imagine the late lamented Lakist would have approached the Keveths in his pseudo-philosophical style thus:

I met a sturdy soldier lad,
A helmet on his head,
I asked him wherefore he was clad
In Queen Victoria's red.

Is earthly glory what you crave,
Or high rewards in heaven?
The soldier stands upon the grave.
He answered, "We are seven!"

And so on, and so on.

I am very pleased to see that Dr. Warnock, well known for the hospital and sanitary reforms he has effected in Egypt, is turning his attention to the suppression of hashish-smoking. The use of this abominable drug is common throughout the North of Africa, and has the inevitable deleterious effect upon the mental powers. Those who have tried both tell me that hashish is more delightful than opium, and that the consequences of its use are not so terrible. In the spring of last year there was a small private club formed in London by certain men young enough to have known better, and the members devoted themselves to hashish-smoking. Whether it still exists I can't say, but, beyond question, hashish is smoked to a larger extent in London than most people imagine. I have never indulged, but have been in the company of hashish-smokers here and abroad, and seen some particularly nasty sights when the devotees began to look like drunken corpses. Statistics concerning the amount of opium and hashish consumed in London would startle the average citizen immensely. I hope, before long, to possess some interesting and publishable facts concerning the matter, but, in the meantime, will be content to recall an experience among hashish-smokers more than a thousand miles beyond the four-mile radius.

It was in Tangiers, and I was spending the evening with some friends at a very villainous café in some slum to which the guide had thought fit to take us. The room was long and rectangular, with a curtain

Churchmen from different parts of the kingdom have come forward with opinions and panaceas, and Dr. Nicoll himself—for I presume he is responsible for the opening leader—has something to say on the preaching of to-day. I learn for the first time, for example, that certain parsons have no opportunity for study, except what they can make for themselves in railway carriages, and the writer of the leader has observed that "the theology of railway carriages is the most dogmatic, intolerant, and excommunicating." Laymen have also much to say upon the question, but quite the most novel idea for the building up and strengthening of church attendance is that which has fashioned itself in the nimble brain of that fanciful American Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, whose picture I have the pleasure of reproducing. Flippancy as it may appear, there is a good deal more in it than at first strikes the eye. In America, of course, the woman-preacher is not unknown, although I have yet to learn that Cupid has ever seated himself at the organ. Mr. Gibson evidently has ideas of his own.

If instead of writing novels that are sexy, yet unsexed,
Our maidens donned a surplice and a tie,
And took to preaching sermons from a solemn Scripture text,
Would the churches and the services be dry?
Would the young men go a-boating on the sacred Sabbath morn?
Would they look upon the chapel with a haughty touch of scorn?
Do you think they would refuse to be sandwiched in the pews,
Which would seem to be at present rather empty and forlorn?



"IN DAYS TO COME THE CHURCHES MAY BE FULLER."

DRAWN BY MR. C. D. GIBSON, AND REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MR. JAMES HENDERSON, WHO HOLDS THE ENGLISH COPYRIGHT.

drawn across the far end. Behind this the hashish-smokers surrendered themselves to the charms of their beloved drug. Curiosity took me behind the screen, despite the remonstrances of my guide, and I found six or seven men in advanced stages of intoxication. Their skin was horribly tinted; their eyes had a lustreless expression; one man was foaming at the mouth, and his tongue lolled out in manner horrifying. Enough seemed as good as a feast of such a sight, and I went back to the native concert that had been arranged in our honour. The extraordinary music and the barbarous instruments of the players soon attracted my attention, and I forgot all about the smokers. Meanwhile a dozen Arabs, very dirty and villainous of aspect, had entered the café, and a couple of dervishes followed, so that we were a merry crew. Just about midnight the curtain parted, and a fellow in the last stages of smoke-intoxication staggered into the middle of the room and commenced to declaim against foreigners in a way that almost turned the guide's hair grey. He begged us to go, because the man was both mad and drunk; it was near a sacred feast, and the Arabs would be easily excited. Seeing we would take no notice of these protests, he fairly ran away, and, feeling that discretion was, under the circumstances, the better part of valour, we followed.

My enterprising friend Dr. Robertson Nicoll has opened the pages of the *British Weekly* for the free expression of opinion on the burning question of the alleged decline of churchgoing. Several representative

If one may credit New York *Life* with what Li Hung Chang calls "the unembellished truth," the venerable axiom that "man wants but little here below" does not apply to the cyclist—

Wanted: A knee-pan smooth and hard,
Unseamed and a perfect fit;
Prepared from stuff uncommonly tough,
That is warranted not to split.

Wanted: A brand-new set of ribs,
Not made for vain display;
Not twisted, torn, or warped or worn,
But curved in the proper way.

Wanted: A pair of perfect ears—
No fluted edges for me;
An ear not ground, but round and sound,
As a real good ear should be.

Wanted: A face. I am not vain,
And a good plain face will do,
That is not a sight—with the colour white—
For I'm tired of black and blue.

A man that's new I'll be once more
When these parts have been supplied;
And maybe, then, I will mount again
That wheel and learn to ride!



MISS GERALDINE ULMAR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

The reappearance of Miss Geraldine Ulmar upon the boards has been made so modestly as to escape the attention of many even of her admirers. Soon after she married Mr. Ivan Caryll she vanished from the stage, upon which she originally went by something of a fluke. That was in America, where Miss Ulmar began to sing at amateur concerts before she got into her teens. In this way she became known; and when, one night, the Boston Ideals found themselves short of a prima donna, the manager sent beseechingly to Miss Ulmar, who took a part at three hours' notice. A few months later the prima donna left the stage, and the substitute of a night was asked to take her place.

After a time, when "The Mikado" was on in New York, Miss Ulmar met Sir Arthur Sullivan, then on his way to 'Frisco. She saw him and she sang to him, and he then and there raised her to the rank of Yum Yum in the English "Mikado" Company in New York. A few months later a letter from Mrs. D'Oyly Carte invited Miss Ulmar to come to England and to succeed Miss Braham as prima donna at the Savoy. There are plenty of people who remember her début in "Ruddigore," and her after-successes as Elsie in "The Yeomen of the Guard," and as Gianetta in "The Gondoliers." Later came other auspices and "La Cigale," which she calls "a glorious part." The music of "La Cigale" was Mr. Ivan Caryll's, and Miss Ulmar herself became his too. Silence shortly followed, but that could not last, and a few weeks ago Miss Ulmar decided to be heard again. "Not in London, however," she said to herself; "at any rate, until the winter." And meanwhile? Mr. George Edwards' No. 1 "Geisha" Company answered the question, and thus it is that Miss Ulmar began to get her old encores again, not in London, but London-upon-Sea.

Mr. Charles Rock, the Sir Benjamin Curry of "Monte Carlo," at the Avenue Theatre, hitherto known as a very clever character-actor and comedian, proves himself to be as versatile as he is volatile, and as clever as a vocalist and dancer as he was in "the legitimate," and his sketch of the gay Attorney-General (by the way, his make-up is surely based on Sir Edward Clarke) is full of go and humour. Yet this is practically Mr. Rock's first appearance in musical comedy, for in his part, Sergeant-Major Pepin, in "Trooper Clairette," he neither sang nor danced, though previous to his London début he had played in five pantomimes and several burlesques in the provinces. By birth he is an Anglo-Indian; he was born at Chiltore in 1866, but he was educated entirely at Brighton. Though he had always been devoted to things theatrical, in deference to the wishes of his parents he consented to begin life "in the City," and in his seventeenth year entered a stockbroker's office, remaining there only two years. Then he decided that he must do or die on the stage, and, procuring a letter to Mr. Kendal, he bearded that manager just before the production of "As You Like It," receiving the usual assurance that he should not be forgotten. Then he applied at the theatre, and the ever-ready "full up" was his answer. However, a few days later, when he wrote reminding Mr. Kendal of his existence and address, he received a telegram, "If you have no moustache, come!"

And never having been able to raise the slightest suspicion of down on his upper lip, he made his professional début at the St. James's Theatre in "As You Like It," as a super at a salary of nine shillings a-week.

Then he had five years of useful and hard provincial experience, after which he came to town for the production of "The Cabinet Minister," at the Court Theatre, to under-study the late Mr. Arthur Cecil and Mr. Weedon Grossmith, and there made his first London appearance in a speaking part. He has since played with Mr. Hare, Mr. Willie Edouin, and the Charringtons. As Mr. Hare did not go on tour in the autumn of '94, Mr. Rock joined Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Miss Kate Rorke to play Mr. Chel in "The Profligate" and Orloff in "Diplomacy," but the following season



MR. ROCK AS GREGORY GOLDFINCH.
Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

returned to the Garrick to resume the rôle of Sharp in "Money," and later on that of Sir John. When "A Pair of Spectacles" was revived, he played Lorimer, and then Uncle Gregory during the illness of Mr. Groves, and, accompanying Mr. Hare on tour, he left in December '95, as a member of the American company. On his return to England he was at once secured for the part of Rowley in the Lyceum revival of "The School for Scandal," when Mr. Dodsworth seceded from the cast; and from there he went to his present engagement for "Monte Carlo."

In the plot of the play of "Newmarket," at the Opéra Comique, the interest centres round a thoroughbred mare yecept Poppy. But there is another Poppy, the brilliant little daughter of Mr. Willie Edouin, who is a still greater attraction, and who completely fills the stage whenever she is on it by her vivacity, her piquaney, and her dramatic talent, which may truly be said to be hereditary, seeing that Miss Alice Atherton is her mother as well.

Miss May Edouin has been on the stage only two years, but in that short time she has made for herself quite a distinctive reputation. She took her mother's part of Ruby in "Binks, or the Downy Photographer," on tour, and she made a great impression as Matty in "The Jerry-Builder." Everyone considered her to be a charming little Connie in "Our Flat," and on her appearance in "Qwong Hi" she showed that she could act well. In "All Abroad" her "Coo" song was nightly encored, while at Aldershot she took the camp by storm in "Turned Up," and as a little Heathen Chinee. Miss May Edouin's voice is now much stronger than on the opening night, when she was suffering from a severe cold. She is evidently a little sportswoman by the way she handles the reins when driving her Ralli cart in "Newmarket," while one of her dearest possessions is a racing-saddle, weighing only about two and a-half pounds, which Mornington Cannon has given her, and on which he has ridden to win as many as forty-five times.



MR. CHARLES ROCK.

I am really getting quite excited to see and hear this wonderful "Armenian opera" which has undergone so many changes and vicissitudes. First, I met the adventurous gentleman who some time back went abroad to secure the opera for England, and suffered durance vile at the hands of "Abdul the Damned" (was that not Mr. William Watson's polite description of the potentate?); then I was introduced to a lady who had heard the opera (which I had fancied a new one) many years ago—I think, in Smyrna—and was charmed with the music; then came an evening when the said music was tried over at the house of a friend of mine, and "curiosities of literature" in the shape of impromptu translations of parts of the libretto became the order of the day, or rather, night. Next, I heard that this libretto was "scratched," as being without interest to the great B.P., and that two gentlemen, not unknown to fame, were hard at work upon an entirely new libretto, to be fitted to the music, an inversion of the usual order of things that may be interesting, but hardly sounds hopeful. At last I understood that all was complete, and the opera would be "shortly" produced, with a certain popular lady in the leading rôle. Now I am told that said leading lady, being a leading lady, has changed her mind, and elected to make part No. 2 part No. 1, and, beyond that, the second part (whichever, after all, has settled into that position) is to be denuded of its best songs to please her. I confess that I can hardly credit this last statement, for surely no sensible prima donna could desire so silly a development of the "star" system, no management be so backboneless as to give in to such dictation. However, a few weeks will, I am assured, decide the points I have mentioned, and also the fate of this much paragraphed and discussed venture.

A recent visit to the new Grand Theatre at Croydon proved that the beautiful house has become a favourite with the inhabitants of Surrey's county town and all the neighbouring districts. Tom Craven the younger is doing well and earning good opinions, while London managers on the look-out for talent might do worse than study some of the travelling companies that come for a week or fortnight and then flit—the *Eva* knows whither. Thursday afternoon performances are in vogue at Croydon, and are distinctly popular. The rapid rise of suburban theatres should do good in many ways. Mr. Tree pointed out recently that they would bring a liking for the best of everything to people whom the West-End theatres can never directly reach. I venture to think they will have another result equally practical. The exchange of dresses, properties, and mounting will lead to a big reduction in the cost of production, which is nowadays such an item. Since Suburbia took theatres unto itself, the business in "props" has developed to an unexpected extent. The ultimate developments of the movement no man can foretell, but it is not unlikely that in the near future England will be as well off in the matter of theatres as some of

her Continental rivals. If the immense amount of theatre-worship indulged in by the Press during the past few years has led to the present development, gush is not without its uses.

Among the members of the company engaged for that musical play, "Belinda," of which I spoke recently, are Miss Emily Cross, and the former tenor with the German Reeds, Mr. Avalon Collard.

Miss Edith Jordan, who has been engaged by Mr. John Coleman for "The Duchess of Coolgardie," at Drury Lane, is an actress who has for many years appeared chiefly with those amateur dramatic clubs that have the sense to procure the assistance of professional ladies. Scores of amateurs all over London will bear witness with me to Miss Edith Jordan's skill and versatility. Hence I trust she will have a good chance at Drury Lane. Miss Laura Linden, too, has not appeared on the West-End stage for some time, and it will be curious to see what Mr. Hermann Vezin's protégée, Miss Laura Johnson, does with the part of a boy aborigine.

Mr. T. B. Thalberg, the Prince Hal in "Henry IV." with Mr. Tree's company, is an actor of earnestness and true culture. Latterly he has been conducting tours of "The Professor's Love Story" and "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown."

Imagine a pretty brunette, of medium height, daintily and daringly dressed, gifted with a fair voice and considerable vivacity, and you get an adequate idea of Mdle. Dora Parnez, a *chanteuse* with some Continental reputation now appearing at the Empire Theatre. I went to the theatre to hear her songs, estimate her talent, and find out such facts as might be interesting. The quest resulted in the discovery that biographical details were trifling, talent, from a Continental standpoint, moderate, and the one point noticeable in the performance was the courage and ability with which this singer, absolutely unknown in London, faced an audience with songs Italian and incomprehensible, and fought her way to favour. It was but another demonstration of the natural gift of most Continental performers, and proves their superiority over our own countrywomen. What English artist could come before a huge audience speaking another language and by her own courage and "go" create a legitimate interest out of style alone? Mdle. Parnez may have had good, bad, or indifferent songs, but she sang them with a keen appreciation of their humour and merit; by her pantomime she compelled attention. Herein lies the difference between the English and Continental variety stage. The English singer—with just a few exceptions at the top of the tree—relies upon mere words; of action she has little, taste she has less; consequently, when words fail, there is no attraction of personality remaining to cover defects. The foreign woman is graceful and talented first; she can, if she will, make an appeal to an audience in which mere words take no part. Month after month, foreign singers come to England, and earn in a week what their native land pays them in a month. Very few English entertainers dare venture abroad, unless to the Colonies. The silly method of judging a singer by a song, and tolerating anything that will

raise a laugh, is responsible for the condition of the English variety stage. There are few English serio-comics who could not take a valuable lesson from Mdle. Parnez.

I have a paragraph of pure praise for certain items of the Alhambra's present programme. There is a gentleman named Musical Dale, whose performance can scarcely be overpraised. The musical bells familiar on the hands, head, and feet of clowns are brought to the pitch of perfection by Mr. Dale, and I listened to some sweet music delightfully rendered. If we can forget the unfortunate toy-terriers, who are put through all their silly paces, the Alhambra management must be congratulated upon a splendid variety programme. Liane de Vries is paying her return visit, singing as clearly and distinctly as ever, while her costumes are gems of daintiness and worth. In Rip van Winkle Fred Storey remains the chief attraction. His performance improves upon acquaintance, and it was excellent at first sight. Julia Scale has toned down the unnecessary exuberance of her first-night work, and Señor Laurentini Gobbo is just such a mountain gnome as I should like to meet. The ballet goes better than it did, but will never rank as one of the Alhambra's best efforts. The new entrance in Charing Cross Road will be opened in December, and, should the long-discussed Sullivan ballet make its appearance about that time, rival houses will have plenty of work to hold their own against their old and capable rival. The Animatographie Pictures, including the Prince's Derby, have been considerably enlarged, and the house has not suffered from the "silly season."

If you wish to study the ethics of the ballet, read Mr. Arthur Symons' article "At the Alhambra," in the current number of the *Savoy*. Mr. Symons belongs to the devotees of the danseuse. I cannot say that I enter into all his sensations in watching the gyrations of the giddy girls, but Mr. Symons, who tells us that he has "the honour to know a good many ladies of the ballet," comes to the subject with an amount of knowledge of technique and an artistic appreciation which do not always go together. I may note that he is very much in evidence in this

number of the *Savoy*; he writes an interesting note on De Guecourt, he is responsible for a poem called "The Old Women," which makes your blood creep, for "the vague thing of bones and dragged hair" was once a creature of patchouli and passion. Mr. W. B. Yates discourses on Blake and contributes some verses. Mr. Bliss Carman has a swinging ballad, and the exotic Mr. Theodore Wratislaw is at home in a prose sketch of not the most edifying order. The art of the *Savoy* is becoming distinctly thin. Quite the best thing in it this month is Mr. Beardsley's "Woman in White," which has the merit of being somewhat out of the artist's ordinary vein.

The *Rattle*, christened after Pope's line, "Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," is the name of a new Shanghai comic journal. Its illustrations, relying for their fun on the peculiarities of the Heathen Chinee, are crude, but they have a certain sense of humour that will make them popular.



MDLE. PARNEZ.

Photo by Albert Meyer, Berlin.

MDLLE. PARNEZ AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE.

Photographs by Reutlinger, Paris.



FOR THE HONOUR AND GLORY OF OLD ENGLAND: BOBBY.



HENRY.



GEORGE.



CALEB.



JOHN.

Many a brave, many a daring thing has been done for the honour and glory of Old England; but few of her Majesty's subjects in humble life have done more for the defence of their country than the two plain, simple Englishwomen, Mrs. Skeats and Mrs. Keveth, whose portraits stand out boldly in these two pages—the one surrounded by her six boys in blue (they are all policemen); the other in the midst of her seven boys in red (for the Keveths are soldiers). This study in blue and red is one of surely unique occurrence and of rare interest. The red discovered the blue, for it was the case of Mrs. Keveth, introduced to public notice by Colonel Knox, the second officer of the 32nd Regimental District, that brought to light her rival in the shape of Mrs. Skeats of Old Southgate, whose claim to notice as the mother of six policemen has been unearthed by an energetic representative of the *Star*. Mrs. Skeats is a wonderful old lady of four score years and two. Born at Appleshaw, in Hampshire, she has stuck throughout her long, hard-working life to her native county, and should you ever make a voyage of discovery to Old Southgate—which is just on the borders of growing London—



MRS. SKEATS, THE MOTHER OF SIX POLICEMEN.

Photo by Attwood, Southgate.

you will find her happy and contented in a little cottage, quaintly called Noah's Ark. Mrs. Skeats started life at a time when the question of early marriage and the doctrines of Malthus were discussed only by hard, dry doctrinaires. Her six stalwart sons were reared on the lap of no dainty, aproned nurserymaid, for their mother, even until a few years ago, made her living by gleaning in the fields or helping the strippers of bark from the trees. Her boys, as babies, had to crouch in sheep-cases in the harvest-field, the younger ones rocked drowsily to sleep by the elder ones, while their mother—whose husband was killed through an accident at a hay-rick—toiled and sweated from morning till night to support them all. They were the pride of the village, these lads, but one by one they came to London Town to push their fortunes as best they might. "The policeman's life is not a happy one"—the quotation, of course, is inevitable—but all the boys in their turn entered the police force, three of them still wearing the blue of the "bobby," and they are proud of the quarter of a century's service which nearly all of them have seen, the



BEN.



MRS. LINDSAY.



CHARLES LINDSAY (SON-IN-LAW).



TOM.

FOR THE HONOUR AND GLORY OF OLD ENGLAND: TOMMY.



JOHN.

the great forces of defence. For many years after the lads left their native village their mother continued to work hard; but within the last two years she has settled down in her cottage at Old Southgate, where her son Caleb, now retired, has returned, like the dove of old, to the Ark. Little wonder that Mrs. Skeats is proud of her boys in blue, for if their opportunities of distinction have not been so brilliant as falls to the lot of the soldier, they have, in the course of their long, faithful service, done much to gain the respect and gratitude of their fellow-countrymen. This is one of the cases which well deserve the publicity that the newspaper can afford, and the "Star man," as that lively luminary chooses to be called, has done his duty in telling the story of a family of home-defenders. Certainly the case of Mrs. Skeats seems quite as deserving the notice of her Majesty as that of the sturdy Cornishwoman Mrs. Keveth.

If Mrs. Keveth's sons have not served the same length of time as the Skeats family, their aggregate of service being only sixty-three years, the Cornishwoman makes up with the inhabitant of Noah's Ark by having given seven sons to the Army, while two of her



HARRY.

total being a hundred and fifty-three years. Here is their record—

George Skeats, City of London Police, 29 years; Caleb Skeats, Metropolitan Police, 26 years; Henry Skeats, Metropolitan Police, 25 years; Ben Skeats, Metropolitan Police, 25 years; Tom Skeats, Metropolitan Police, 24 years; John Skeats, Berks, 24 years.

And they have done more than serve their country in the useful occupation of guardians of the peace, for two of them, Ben and Tom, have also served in the army. And Mrs. Skeats did more for the force. She had but one daughter, yet this ewe lamb, inheriting the family instinct, completes the splendid record by having joined her hand and heart to a stalwart policeman, Charles Lindsay. There are forty-eight grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren, and it would seem impossible that these should pass through life without joining one of



MRS. KEVETH AND HER SEVEN SOLDIER SONS.
The Souvenir Presented to the Queen.

of the Keveths to the Queen. The group forms a peculiarly interesting reminiscence of this worthy Cornish subject of hers, as will be seen from the reproduction of it, which is given in the centre of this page. Mrs. Keveth and her seven sons are all there. The mount is oak, with five oval openings to admit the various photographs. It is regrettable that in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry there should be but 17 per cent. of the men natives of the county, the majority being Londoners, and the attempts which are being made to remedy this sort of thing in most of our regiments of the line, notably in the case of Highland regiments, is a movement in the right direction. The example set by the six young Keveths is certainly a feather in the cap of the recruiting authorities, and may perhaps lead other bold young Cornishmen to go and do likewise.

daughters married soldiers. The eldest, John, was the first to take the shilling, for he enlisted in the Royal Marines eighteen years ago, and served on board H.M.S. *Champion* during the Egyptian War. His six brothers, however, with commendable patriotism, have all joined the county regiment, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. Two of them are serving with the 1st Battalion at Lucknow, where the regiment made its famous stand during the Mutiny; two are stationed at Newry with the 2nd Battalion, while two of them have the good fortune to be still in their native county at Bodmin, which is the depôt of the regiment. Here is a list of the seven gallant Cornishmen, with the number of their years of service—

John, Royal Marines, 18 years; William, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, 16 years; Samuel, ditto, 14 years; Thomas, ditto, 10 years; Elijah, ditto, 1 year; Charles, ditto, 1 year; Harry, ditto, 1 year.

The case of Mrs. Keveth was originally brought to the notice of Her Majesty by Colonel Knox, who sent an interesting group



ELIJAH AND CHARLES.



WILLIAM, SAMUEL, AND THOMAS.

ON THE NEW CASTLE LINER.

The new liner of the Castle Mail Steam-Packets Company, the *Dunvegan Castle*, started from Southampton upon its first journey to the Cape on Saturday, Sept. 5. A representative of *The Sketch*, who was invited to join the vessel during its cruise from the East India Docks to Southampton, sends the following account of the journey:—

The morning of Friday, Sept. 4, was dull, dismal, and rainy. At Fenchurch Street, the station from which we were to start for Blackwall, the City looked like a shallow imitation of Venice, with a substitution of mud for canals, and as the train approached its destination the clouds grew thicker and the rain fell more heavily. It was not the kind of day one would choose for a cruise to Southampton, but it was the day which the Lord had made, and that had to suffice for us. The walk from Blackwall to the dock where the *Dunvegan Castle* lay was a variation upon the gentle shower-bath, and when I actually succeeded in getting aboard, I found myself a stranger among a pretty large party of journalists, all shaking their manes like the Antwerp sea-lions after a particularly fine series of duckings. Shortly after our arrival on board, the great vessel began to move, and the customary farewell crowd looked particularly bedraggled as the last good-byes were called across from boat to shore and from shore to boat. We were then invited politely downstairs to the saloon, where certain preliminary hospitalities were distributed to the guests, who, for the most part, were evidently old hands at this particular form of hospitality. Cabins were allotted, and by about noon the journey was fairly in swing.

It is not a particularly exciting cruise from London to Southampton, and the earlier part of the journey was chiefly occupied in an examination of the appointments of the vessel. It appears from a pamphlet published under the direction of Mr. Matheson that her gross tonnage is 5958 tons; her length is 465 feet, her breadth 51 feet, and her depth 35 feet. She has been built by the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, and is rigged with three masts, having yards on the foremast. Two out of her three decks are plated, and she has "a very long forecastle, which, with the promenade-bridge and poop, forms practically a fourth deck." She has, moreover, an extensive range of deck-houses, and a commodious navigation-bridge. It may be added—on the same authority—that accommodation, in addition to that for the ship's crew, is provided for about 380 first-class and second-class and 130 third-class passengers. So far the technical description; it remains to say that for first-class passengers there is a very large saloon, a convenient drawing-room, and a noble smoking-room provided. The saloon is undoubtedly a handsome apartment, and is chiefly lighted by an extremely fine dome, the largeness and splendour, indeed, of which in some way oppress the portions which uphold it. It is fitted with an admirable library, really selected from a cosmopolitan standpoint of literature. Stevenson and "Q." stand cheek by jowl with serious sermons, works of controversy, and responsible geographical records; Matthew Arnold and Huxley, too, claim there a niche beside Shakspeare and Keats. In a word, the library is exceptionally interesting, and, from the enlivening aspect of things, most valuable. The drawing-room is perhaps the most expensively decorated apartment in the ship. It is described as "designed in its interior in the Chippendale style. The furniture is of

"Lyons rose-colour," which mated but poorly with the fine yellow silk of the cushions. The first-class smoking-room, which is situated on the bridge-deck, "and is specially designed with a view to airiness," possesses a high domed roof, and is panelled not inelegantly with light-coloured oak. It is a pleasant lounging-room, and is furnished solidly and attractively.

It goes without saying that, so far as machinery is concerned, everything possible has been done to secure the best working order for



THE "DUNVEGAN CASTLE."

Photo by Adamson, Rothsays.

all necessary purposes, whether for the supply of electricity, of water, or of air—the electricity being provided by three "Siemens" dynamos, each driven direct by compound engines. It may be added, too, that the comforts of second-class passengers have been very pleasantly provided for. Their saloon is a large apartment which extends across the whole breadth of the vessel, and is furnished with book-cases and a piano; while the smoking-room on the upper deck at the fore end of the bridge is scarcely less comfortable, although far less spacious, than the first-class smoking-room on the bridge-deck.

To return to our cruise. The rain continued to pour as in these early hours the vessel was put under its examination. At one o'clock an elaborate luncheon was provided for the guests, after which various games and competitions were eagerly entered upon. The game of the afternoon was contested by four players, who, armed with wooden bats, surrounded a pole, from which depended a ball attached to a string. The players split into two pairs, whose endeavour it was to wind the ball round the pole by vigorous striking, one pair in one direction, the other in another. To me, who did not attempt to play, this scheme of sport seemed inconceivably dull; but I have been assured that it provided exercise "for all parts of the body simultaneously." To anybody who possesses the ambition to accomplish so weird an achievement, I heartily recommend this strange gymnastic. I despised it; and, joining a shooting competition in a team consisting of the "weekly Press," we held our own against all comers with triumph. When sport had become tiresome, and tea had flitted into the place of past things, we rounded the Dover coast with its pale stretches of blank green and its white cliffs. At seven, or thereabouts, a liberal dinner was provided, after which various toasts were drunk, and, in answer to the toast of the Press, Mr. Laytie delivered a long speech devoted chiefly to considering the merits of most of the gentlemen who were present. The health of the Captain was then drunk, and Commodore Robinson replied in a neat little discourse containing plenty of moral hints and practical views upon questions of conduct; the burthen, however, of his remarks came to this, that we might look till all was blue to find a flaw in the perfections of the *Dunvegan Castle*. With an unanimity born of the hour, all agreed, and, dinner over, a somewhat feeble concert occupied a brief period of time. At midnight we anchored in the Solent, and on Saturday morning at about ten o'clock we drifted into Southampton, which was literally drowned in rain, and left the splendid boat to pursue its course unto warmer climes and, let us hope, unto bluer skies.



FIRST-CLASS SALOON OF THE "DUNVEGAN CASTLE."

Photo by Bedford Lemère and Co., Strand.

the same character, and the upholstery of rose-coloured Lyons silk is most elegant and luxurious." The silk is perhaps a trifle too much for an eye that is not delighted with brilliance rather than with softness of colour. For my part, the cretonne covering, which had clearly been carefully chosen, was far more "elegant and luxurious" than the

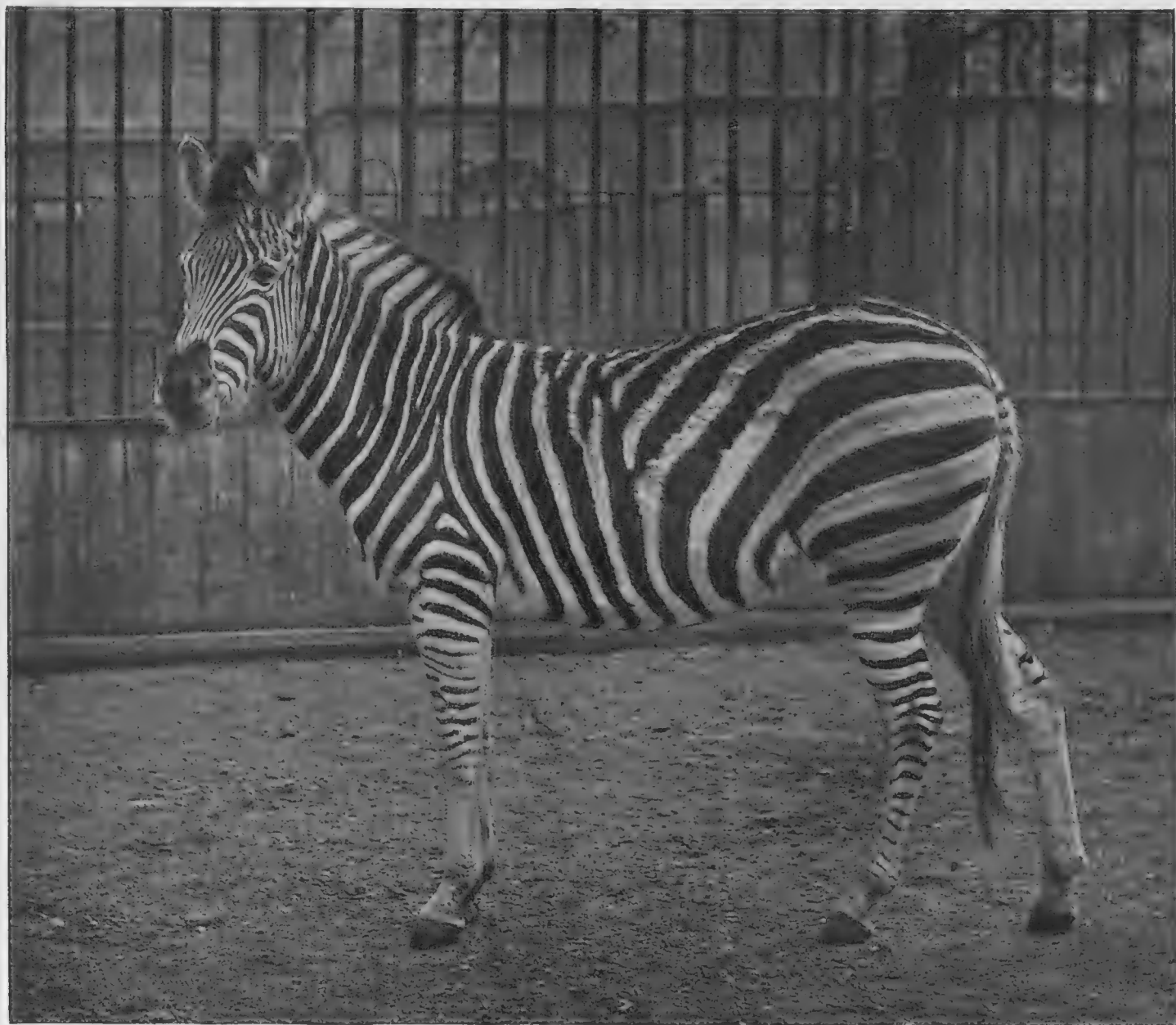
THE PANTHER.

The Panther is a perfect pest:
He gives you not a moment's rest;
From early morn till late at night
He keeps you in perpetual fright.
If you forget to shut the door,
He leaps upon you with a roar;
And when you're sitting at your meals
He comes and snarls behind your heels.

THE HYBRID ZEBRA: AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

Every now and again, especially in the dull season, problems, which scientists have been discussing quietly among themselves for many years, are suddenly lifted by someone into the light of day, and quickly become a common subject of discussion and conversation. Such a problem is that of "Telegony," in which the interest of the public has been quickened by the striking experiments which are being carried out by Professor Cossar Ewart at his residence at Penicuik, near Edinburgh. The problem of "Telegony" and the experiments to prove its truth or untruth are capable of very simple description. The Professor has been the possessor for some time of a score of mares which have been sired by a zebra of that particular kind known as Burchell's Zebra, a pretty animal,

impregnation something of the likeness of the first. This is the problem of "Telegony," which Professor Cossar Ewart has undertaken to prove or disprove, and if at first blush it appears a matter of little consequence, yet to physiologists it means a great deal. If it is proved to be true, it means that there are secret processes going on within the body of which they know as little as was known of Röntgen rays twelve months ago. To one that is familiar with our present information concerning the processes that go on within the body, it seems quite as probable to suppose that a room which had been first inhabited by negroes, should, when subsequently occupied by whites, so affect them that they would become partly black, as to expect that a womb, which had at one time contained a hybrid, would reflect the characters of that hybrid upon subsequent progeny. However, it is sometimes the unexpected that happens, and if it be so in Professor Cossar Ewart's case, then physiologists will have the tough and new problem in front of them of finding out how it is done.



BURCHELL'S ZEBRA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. GAMBIER BOLTON, F.Z.S.

with big black stripes upon a rich fawn-coloured ground; but, so far, only one mare has borne a foal, a pretty creature, richly striped, but not with the stripes of the father. So far, then, all that is proved is that the mare is fertile to the zebra, and that a hybrid, which may or may not prove useful to man, has been produced. What remains to be seen is whether the mare, when served by a horse, will produce a pure foal or will throw progeny having marks of the zebra upon them, as would be the case if "Telegony" was a truth. Certainly it is held as true by farmers and breeders of all descriptions of animals that value the purity of their breeds, although, upon inquiry, one invariably finds that their belief never rests upon any fact observed by themselves, but upon the general tradition of many years. At the beginning of this century, Lord Morton, in a communication to the Royal Society, adduced the best piece of evidence in favour of "Telegony" that has ever been given. A mare belonging to him, after bearing to a quagga (an animal of the horse kind that occurred in South Africa, but is now extinct), bore to an animal of her own kind two foals that had many features of the quagga about them, and he therefore concluded, as every breeder believes, that the womb is so impressed by its contents that it may imprint upon any subsequent

There are two other problems closely allied to "Telegony," but much older, much more difficult to prove, and much more important. One of them dates back to the days when Jacob piled speckled rods in front of his flocks, "and they brought forth cattle ringstraked, speckled, and spotted." Such a thing seems even more improbable than "Telegony," yet one of the greatest breeders of our day was so assured of its truth that he bought up every animal within sight of his farm that did not harmonise in colour with that of his particular breed. The second problem still unsolved is even of more importance, and is this—Can our children inherit by birth characters or accomplishments which we ourselves have acquired by accident or force of will? The almost universal answer of scientists to that question is in the negative, and who will say that it is not more our luck than our loss?

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

HOW A STATUE IS MADE.

It is said of Michael Angelo that he carved some of his greatest masterpieces directly from rough blocks of marble without any preparatory studies or models; but, then, the great Florentine was a genius, and his knowledge of the human form and his powers in delineating it were supreme. The model appeared to him superfluous, but he sometimes miscalculated how far his blocks of marble would carry him in the realisation of his ideas. It cannot be wondered at that his method has been followed by few, on account of the colossal difficulties involved in carrying it out, and few sculptors would consider themselves competent to attack a mass of stone and carve therefrom a figure almost breathing with life. Even in the old days sculptors resorted to more artificial and prosaic methods for the evolution of their ideas in bronze or marble. When we look upon a finished marble statue we rarely think of the time and labour that has been expended on it. First, a model must be made, but even preliminary to this the sculptor puts his ideas in the form of a rough "sketch" in clay or wax, according to the delicacy required. Here the main points are rapidly moulded in, and some idea is obtained of how the statue will look when it is finished. A passing thought, an idea, is in this way fixed, and is more carefully worked up in the model. As a rule, the first model is small, and is of clay or wax, and at first consists of a nucleus of tow or some such material, on which the clay is laid. Bit by bit it is built up, until by trimming and adding, flattening and rounding-off, the figure comes to assume its proper proportions. The rough outlines of the "sketch" are developed, new ideas are added, others are altered, and by degrees the realisation of the sculptor's thoughts begins to appear in the clay. In the actual manipulation great care must be taken that the clay is of the proper consistence and possesses the requisite amount of moisture, otherwise it may become dry and crack. A still more serious accident is where the clay crumbles to pieces. In this way the labour of months may in a few minutes vanish into a mass of debris, an experience which many sculptors have had. To guard against this the clay must from time to time be moistened, and when work is finished for the day the model must be carefully covered with damp cloths. In this way accidents may be prevented. When large models have to be made, extra precautions must be taken against drying. The nucleus must be made strong, of iron rods along the lines

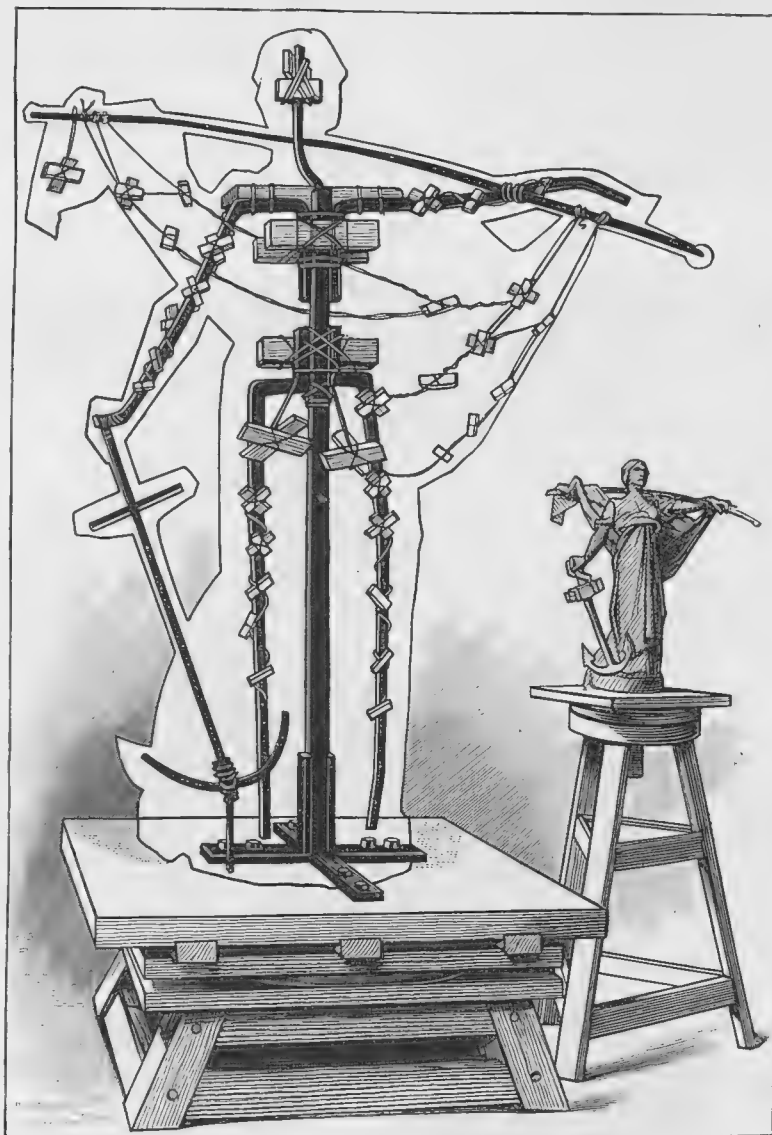
where there is least support, as in the case of outstretched arms or legs, and the rods must be properly fixed in a stable basis. At first the figures are modelled nude, and full regard is paid to all the anatomical details. The drapery is added afterwards, from studies arranged on lay figures.

When the model is finished according to the taste of the sculptor, a second one is made of the exact size intended for the final piece of work.

Where the statue is to be made of bronze, the full-size model is an absolute necessity, as the casting in bronze is made from the model, and it reproduces the latter in every detail. Where the statue is to be of marble, the final model need not necessarily be full size, and many sculptors prefer working from small, highly finished models. Usually, however, a full-sized model is made in clay. The sculptor can still alter or modify his original design, bringing certain features into greater prominence, subduing others. When the model is finished, a cast of it is taken in plaster, and this latter is used as the final model, and, with it as a guide, the block of marble is carved by skilled workmen. This is an art which has been carried to a high degree of perfection in Italy, and the workmen of Carrara are famous. The sculptor makes his model in clay and takes a plaster cast, and then sends it to the works in Carrara, where it is chiselled and then returned to him for the final touches.

After the choice of a suitable block of stone, a most important piece of work has to be done, namely, the marking of certain points on the plaster cast and the determination of similar points in the marble. Various methods and instruments have been recommended for this purpose. In practice a divided frame is used, and the exact distance of certain marked points on the plaster cast is accurately measured. Fixed points on the stone are marked, and from these the other points are measured with instruments, and the depth to which the stone must be cut or

drilled is determined with great accuracy. In this way all prominent points are marked out, and holes are drilled to the required depth and the intervening marble chiselled away, at first roughly, then with greater and greater care, till the marble begins to assume its finished shape. In the larger sculpture-works, one man does the marking, another the rough chiselling, another the fine work. Finally a stage is reached when it again passes into the hands of the sculptor himself, and he it is who puts the lines of genius into it with his fine instruments. Although the workers in Carrara are clever, they seldom are gifted enough to supply the finishing touches which give the characteristics of the great sculptors themselves.



THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

FICTION BY THE MILLION AND FOR THE MILLION.*

A publisher's list which lies before me is headed by an announcement that "Upwards of one million copies of Mr. Silas K. Hocking's works have been sold to date"; and immediately under this statement there is printed in large capitals the following—

FOR SUCH IS LIFE.

The words are not, however, intended as a comment upon the gains of authorship (those of us who count our sales by the mere thousand or modest hundred wish it were so), but as an announcement of yet another volume from the pen of this prolific and popular author.

Clearly the book which forms the apex of a literary pyramid, to the building up of which one million books have contributed, is a volume to be read and studied by every reviewer who is also a novelist, if only in the hope that he, too, may possess himself of the secret of Mr. Hocking's "sales." We were told recently—I think by Mr. Charles Whibley—that the former editor of the *National Observer* "had never suffered the indignity of a popular success." I would go further than this, and say that the mole-eyed public has suffered the indignity which Mr. Henley has been spared, for whatever indignity there is, must lie at the door of those who have refused to dance to the piping of one of the most individual and virile of living poets.

Mr. Henley's case is, however, an exception. Such men as he, and, for the matter of that, as Mr. Robert Bridges and Mr. Frederick Wedmore, may be well content to have an audience fit but few, remembering what Heraclitus has said about "the ass preferring his thistles to fine gold." But, as a rule—sniff and sneer as critic-authors may at books which are "bad enough to succeed"—the hankering for big sales dies hard in every penman. For myself, I must confess that I have read Mr. Hocking's new volume with no little interest, being curious to discover why he should—as a friend much given to slang recently phrased it—"hit the big public bang in the eye" with each of his books. I brought to the task an entirely open and unprejudiced mind, for, to my shame be it said (Mr. Whibley would perhaps consider the confession the only extenuating circumstance in connection with this review), I had no previous acquaintance with Mr. Hocking's work.

Well, I have read "For Such is Life," and my first quarrel with the author concerns his title. The title—a comment, as it were, upon the story—might pass unchallenged were the book convincing. But one lays down the volume with the conviction that whatever it *may* be, "A Human Document" it certainly is not. Coincidence does, there is no denying, play tricks with mortals, and spring upon us surprises so singular that we are quite prepared to admit that "facts are stranger than fiction," and to give our novelists plenty of rope. But in Mr. Hocking's story the long arm of coincidence meddles overmuch with the dial of life. It is constantly at work, making the clock strike hours uncanon enough to appal a repairing jeweller, and it twists the hands all round the face to bring them together to suit the novelist's convenience.

All the same, there is no denying that Mr. Hocking—and herein, doubtless, is one secret of his success—is a born story-teller; and I can well believe that readers whose tastes incline towards narrative of homely interest would follow the thread of his straightforward and cleverly told story with admiration and excitement.

"Problems," sexual or otherwise—and here, no doubt, is another secret of his popularity with the religious public—he steers clear of altogether, and although there is plenty of honest, wholesome love-making, one might read the book from beginning to end, and scarce gather—so far as any hint of it comes from Mr. Hocking—that there is such a thing

as illicit passion in the world. It may be that this is done intentionally, and with an eye to the Sunday School public which is as insistent upon having the inside of a book "clean," as it is upon having the outside ugly (for sheer ugliness of "get-up" and binding, commend me to your Sunday School book before any other). Hence I refrain from raising the question of "literary ethics," and from inquiring whether a novelist is justified in such presentation of what purports to be life, especially as I notice that Mr. Hocking's publishers allude to his books as "works," and refrain, perhaps intentionally, from describing them as "novels." But whether we differ from or agree with Mr. Hocking in regard to the vexed question as to how far it is legitimate for fiction-writers to deal with the facts of life, we must admit that he treats the subject with which he does elect to deal fairly and ably. There is an entire absence of everything like straining after "fine writing" in the volume before us. He tells his story in homely and straightforward English, and never wearies us by "literary" affectation or by any laboured attempts at "style."

His dramatic scenes—and there are many in this book—are all the more impressive for the simplicity with which they are described, and he never condescends to the cheap rhetoric and self-conscious eloquence which disfigure much of the work of the school of religious story-writers in which he holds a foremost place.

The plot of "For Such is Life" is upon the good old-fashioned lines, and is skilfully constructed and as skilfully worked out. Adam Fowey has, by means of a technical flaw in his title-deeds, been turned out of his home by one Peter Trefusa. Adam goes to Australia and adopts the orphan child of a neighbour who has been thrown from his horse and killed. This child eventually turns out to be Peter Trefusa's grandson and heir to his estate. Adam, by the familiar method of palming off his own son as the missing heir, decides to revenge himself upon the man who has cheated him of his birthright. His heart fails him, however, at the last moment, and the lad who goes to England is the rightful claimant.

Adam has a servant called Dan, who all along has suspected something of the design which his master had formed, but had, as the reader knows, failed to put into effect. Dan is convinced that it is Adam's own son who has been sent to claim the property, and he therefore follows the lad to England in the hope of levying blackmail. Young Trefusa is easily persuaded by Dan that he is an unwitting impostor, whose real name is Fowey, and not

Trefusa. But, instead of seeking to retain possession of the Trefusa property by purchasing Dan's silence, the high-spirited lad proclaims himself the son of Fowey, and, renouncing all claim to the estate, disappears, leaving no clue behind. In the meantime young Fowey has struck gold and made a fortune for his father and himself at the diggings, and the pair come to England. As may be supposed, some extraordinary complications ensue, and an opportunity for "situations" is afforded which Mr. Hocking is too practised a novelist not to turn to good account. It would be unfair to outline the plot and its developments any further, except to say that everything comes right in the end, and poetic justice is dealt out all round. In fact, Mr. Hocking draws a little too heavily on the reader's credulity in the matter of poetic justice. All life's rough edges are found to dovetail in the most astonishing manner when he fits them together, and the way he plays Providence with his characters reminds us a little of Huckleberry Finn's comment on the Old Testament stories which were read to him by the widow—"Interesting, but tough." Still, Mr. Hocking has his own distinctive public. It is a public, I take it, which insists upon the orthodox "happy ending," and as he is evidently an optimist of optimists, he has as much right to order his ending according to his own beliefs, as Mr. Hardy has to leave things so that the only possible criticism of life left open to the reader is, "It is all a muddle."

COULSON KERNAHAN.



MR. SILAS K. HOCKING.

Photo by Kay, Southport.

* "For Such is Life," By Silas K. Hocking. London: Warne and Co.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Year after year, as the holiday season comes to an end, and the wanderers return in a straggling crowd from the ends of the earth, do unbiassed observers wonder at the power of irrational custom and insensate fashion that leads all persons to take their holidays at the same time, or nearly. For certain dates partridges and grouse are responsible; but for the vast majority that shoots not, the year is all before it where to choose. The months lie open, within a considerable margin; yet the intending holiday-maker chooses to go where the crowd goes, and when the crowd goes, and thus to incur the maximum of expense for the minimum of comfort. We toil away at our accustomed tasks through the hot, dry, clear weather that would be ideal for mountain and sea, and finally, at the fixed and usual time, we get away in time for the rain and wind and general misery of the break-up of the summer.

It was all very well in old days, when the great British middle-class—which includes most of the so-called “uppers” and a good slice of the “lowers”—remained at or near home, and took its pleasures, if at all, sadly and soberly. But those days are over. We are learning to enjoy ourselves; we are gradually ceasing to live up to the malignant fictions circulated by Continental critics. London fogs have been seen in all their gloomy grandeur on the Seine, but are becoming noticeably fewer on the Thames, and a few years of gas-stoves and improved grates may cause the black, orange, or pea-soup shroud of the sky to be known as the “Paris Particular.” The British climate is similarly developing a new character. Fancy any guileless foreigner, full-charged with the descriptions of the late M. Taine, or other gifted Frenchmen, coming to find a country sodden (or, as lady novelists and other imperfectly educated persons say, *soddened*) and rank with rain! Fancy him taking up his quarters in “le East-Ends” in order to study the Briton in his aboriginal haunts, and coming upon months of glaring heat and a water famine instead of the expected leaden sky and endless downpour! And then fancy him following the Sunday migration of the quarter, or part of it, to Hampstead Heath, intent on observing “*le cant*” and “*le spleen*,” and all the other varieties of British piety and gloom! He would see many things that might surprise him.

We all go holiday-making now, and we spread out in an increasingly wide radius. He who once limited his excursions to Margate now seeks Ostend; he who went to Scotland tries Norway; and the former lover of Norway is taking Spitzbergen. The former stay-at-homes fill up the nearer places as they are vacated—or rather before. The Thames for many miles up is an ornamental water for London. The great manufacturing cities throng to the sea or the hills.

Holiday-making is generally feasible, more or less, over four months of the year—June, July, August, September. May and October may be suitable months, but cannot be reckoned on. In England, and in most countries of the same or a higher latitude, one is not safe from frost in either of these months. But, for four months, the mountain and seaside resorts of Europe are, on an average, suitable for holiday-makers. Why, therefore, is their popularity generally restricted to two out of the four months? And why does the public ensure crowding, discomfort, and extortion by coming all at once? Ostend, for instance, in July and August is a seething mass of people; the Digue is like a streak of honey in fly-time; but come in a bright, warm June, and the place is a city apparently as dead as any town of the Zuyder Zee! You shall have a whole hotel to yourself, practically, for a sum that would hardly find you a dinner a month later. Why does not some head of a great public school start the much-needed reform of beginning his holidays in June?

It is merely fashion with most of us. Lawyers have to take the Long Vacation, doctors to arrange their holidays so as to come back in time to cure their patients after *their* holidays. But there are many of us whose holidays are not fettered by fixed seasons, whose occupations are irregular. Nay, there are a few who have no occupation. Why do such as these not try June for a holiday instead of plunging into what the Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith called “the choked-up seething pit” of August?

Few more dramatic endings have ever been shown on the stage or in fiction than the death of Prince Lobanof. Fresh from the greatest diplomatic triumph of a life of diplomacy, having yoked almost all Europe, willing or reluctant, to his master's triumphal chariot, the Russian statesman must have felt that he could well leave his life at its best. And yet his Sovereign can ill spare him at such a perilous if proud juncture. For though the policy of Russia may not change, yet it is a matter of men's individual abilities whether that policy shall be a success or a failure. There is no great mystery or magic about Russian diplomacy, any more than about Russian police. Both are human systems worked by average men; if the men be clever, Russia gains a province or defeats a plot, as has often happened; if the men be stupid, Russia is baffled and criminals escape, as has also often happened. So, though Lobanof's successor will follow Lobanof's plans, he may have far from Lobanof's success.

It is curious to think that the deceased statesman was a fervent admirer and defender of Mary Queen of Scots. His diplomatic duel with Lord Salisbury was possibly a sort of vendetta against the Cecils, the heirs of the great Elizabethan statesman. And once again history repeats itself. The Cecil triumphs by surviving.

MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Novelty of background counts for a good deal to-day in fiction, and Miss Linden scores in her story called “Gold” (Lane) by her knowledge of life both in Amsterdam and in Java. The “Dutch-Indian Story for English People” attracts our attention first by its picturesqueness, its tropical scenery, its inhabitants of varied colours and degrees of civilisation; but it is a good deal more than a record of travel impressions. It is a mysterious study of idealism, and of the gold-fever under terrible but not under sordid circumstances. Quite appropriately the young hero is a Dutchman—for, in spite of the fact that Holland has no poetical literature worth mentioning, and that its pictorial art is for the most part very earthly in its themes, the average Dutchman of real life suggests more romance than the average Englishman. In this particular case, the tropical circumstances of the hero's childhood, the songs and tales of a Javanese nurse, haunt him through his youth in Amsterdam and Utrecht. At last the chance comes to sail for the Indian isles; but he is very nearly caught and anchored fast to domestic peace and the common ways of happy men, by falling in love on the way with a tame young woman who, we are told, was an angel of goodness and grace, and to whom we surrender him rather unwillingly at the end. But the prospect of adventure was more fascinating than the prospect of matrimony—as is apt to be the case in the lives of spirited young men—and he determines to explore a little before settling in life.

Some documents written in sublime language, found in the midst of commonplace commercial papers, send him off to find the Land of Moa by the Fire Mountains, in which are hid untold gold and all the wisdom of the earth. The place has a local existence, but for a time never a soul can be persuaded to help him to arrive there, so evil is the reputation of Moa, of its haunting spirits and its dangers. He is Dutch, however, and obstinate, and has his will in the end, in spite of treacherous natives, barbarous kings, jealous princes, and the reasonable counsel of a prosaic, comfort-loving friend, whom, very wrongly, he persuades to accompany him. The journey to the mysterious mountains through the island of Boeko is rife with exciting and with gruesome adventure. He passes through tracks which are inhabited by death and pestilence, where old tombs lie thick and living lepers swarm. His followers go mad with the sight of spirits, and his friend dies. Before life flickers out of Jan himself there comes for him a rescue-party, headed by Marie, his almost-forgotten love. They drag him back from the impious search after gold and all the wisdom of the ages; domesticity wins the day, and, after following his romantic, and what Miss Linden seems to consider his criminal, course through the Indian isle, defying horrors, and setting human suffering at naught, we have a last glimpse of him in Amsterdam, serious and silent as the grave when rumours come to the adventurous spirits there of inexhaustible gold-mines in Boeko. “Gold” is an ill-made, interesting story, with the realistic and the powerful and the nearly maudlin unusually near neighbours. In a few strokes a living being, a vivid incident, are painted, and the most elaborate and useless care is taken to revivify feeble and dead things. As a warning against the gold-fever, it can be of no avail, for ancient tombs and ghosts and mysterious prisons and trackless forests are attractions that would only swell the press to the goldfields. But, the moral apart, Miss Linden's story is powerful and eminently readable.

In the short stories which make up Mr. Leonard Merrick's volume, “This Stage of Fools” (Chatto), there is a prodigal use of sensational incident. He uses his material with reckless profusion, and treats his readers with unusual generosity. Probability is not given as much importance as startling sensation or unexpected turns and happenings. The place of honour, for instance, is given to “The Laurels and the Lady,” which describes how a minor poet, who is sent out to fail in a commercial career in South Africa, grows blind, and falls in love with a noted and very brilliant French actress. His comrades, after listening to the ravings of his enthusiasm, incite a very ordinary and uneducated girl to play the actress to him. And, we are asked to believe, she plays her part very successfully, and yet consents to give up her career and marry him. Further, not daring to tell of the publishers' rejection of his poems, she fraudulently concocts letters from them, reads the blind poet gushing reviews of other people's poetry, and lets him handle Mavor's spelling-book lovingly as his own volume. This is the extreme of romantic improbability. But Mr. Merrick can tell a story briefly, and his somewhat sensational materials, and his brisk if entirely commonplace style, are great recommendations to anyone desiring relaxation and entertainment in a hurry.

Mrs. Besant has published “The Path of Discipleship” to instruct the travellers from the busy world how to enter on and progress along the road to a perfect life. Keeping clear of the dangerous subject of material wonders and miracles wrought by the initiates in her faith, she has provided little surface for the scornful to aim at. One is inclined to complain rather of the want of novelty in the theosophic system as expounded by her. It is evidently a very popular exposition which she gives, the main purpose of it being to induce other people besides saints to enter on the path. Almost the only statement in the book that is likely to arouse controversy is that science, as we understand the term, is nearly played out, that scientists are almost at the end of their powers, and that the time for the occultists' innings is thus acknowledged to be at hand.

O. O.



MISS ANNIE DIRKENS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER PARK STREET, N.W.

THE INVASION OF THE FOREIGN ACTRESS.

Photographs by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Of all the ridiculous criticisms that pass current among foreigners the intense insularity of the Briton is one of the most amusing. Probably in no city in the world is foreign artistic talent of every description so much utilised. Indeed, the recent movement among



MISS JULIETTE NESVILLE.

theatrical managers to import light opera singers from the Continent is so marked that one is forced to ask oneself the question: Is the home-grown prima donna a thing of the past?

Within a week or two, the other month, we had a Hungarian prima donna, followed by a Swede, in the "Grand Duke" at the Savoy; at the Gaiety we applauded Miss Grace Palotta, an Austrian; in "The Geisha" Miss Juliette Nesville spoke, and spoke very well, for France; and at the Shaftesbury Miss Dirken, a German, was playing the leading part, that of the boy violinist in "The Little Genius," with as much ease as if she were an Englishwoman. In the provinces Frenchwomen are by no means unknown; indeed, just now, a charming young Parisienne, Miss Andrée Corday, is delighting country audiences in the parts usually associated with the name of Miss Juliette Nesville; while, to return to another direction, in town another Frenchwoman, Miss Cornille, has been charming Londoners at the Palace Theatre, having made her début in the Lane pantomime last year.

One of the distinct advantages which the Continental artist has over her English sister is that she has been trained all round. If foreign artists have rarely such fine voices as Englishwomen, they sing a song with rare intelligence and charm. This was admitted by Sir Augustus Harris, who often found himself obliged to offer foreign singers parts which he would much rather have given to his own countrywomen.

Perhaps Miss Juliette Nesville is better known than any of her foreign colleagues. Like Miss Cissie Loftus, and many other successful members of "the profession," she was educated in a convent school. She was at one time a pupil of the Clapham branch of the Notre Dame Convent. When her education was completed, she went to Paris and joined the Conservatoire, where she studied under M. Achard, and took a second prize in comic opera. Had it not been that Sarah Bernhardt required a pretty and clever young actress who could also sing, to take a part in her production of "Jeanne d'Arc," Miss Nesville would have been lost to the English stage, and would have found her way in due course to the Opéra Comique in Paris. As the Page in "Jeanne d'Arc" she made a distinct sensation—indeed, so well did she that she was offered, at the last dress rehearsal, the title-rôle of "Ma Mie Rosette," produced at the Folies Dramatiques a few weeks later. "Ma Mie Rosette" over, Miss Nesville went to Brussels and created the part of Miss Helyett in the opera known to us as "Decima." Then Mr. Charles Wyndham saw her, and he was so delighted with the performance that he asked her to come over and play the part in London. Since then Miss Nesville

has played many rôles; she was especially successful in "The Gaiety Girl" and "La Fille de Madame Angot," and in "The Geisha" she has delighted her English patrons by her piquant impersonification of the intertress in the House of a Thousand Joys. Miss Nesville's acting is distinctly original, both in manner and expression; she utilises her French accent with considerable art, and when playing the part of Sally Lebrunne in "The Triumph of the Philistines" she showed she was capable of really excellent dramatic work.

Miss Andrée Corday is also convent-bred, and was for some time a pupil in a well-known conventual establishment at Brighton. She made her début some two years ago as one of the chorus in "The Gaiety Girl," and six weeks later was promoted to be Miss Juliette Nesville's understudy at the same theatre. During the last two years she has made a considerable reputation in the provinces, having toured with Mr. George Edwardes and Messrs. Alexander and Latham, playing Minna in "The Gaiety Girl," and Sally Lebrunne in Mr. Jones's daring play. She also took the title-rôle in "The French Maid," and has acted several other Anglo-French parts. She is engaged at present in Mr. George Edwardes' No. 1 Provincial Company of "The Geisha," where she takes the part of Juliette Diamant. It may be noticed that Miss Martino has also occupied a prominent position in Mr. Edwardes' companies, notably in Miss Letty Lind's part in "An Artist's Model."

Countess Kinsky, as Madame Pálmay is known to her intimates, has long been a leading favourite both in her own country and in Germany, where she early made a speciality of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's best known operas. She came to London two years ago with the Saxe-Coburg troupe, and Mr. Gilbert spotted her and moulded her in the Savoy traditions. Indeed, it may safely be said that of late years no light opera début has aroused the enthusiasm and interest evoked by her recent performance in "The Grand Duke." They are extremely proud of her in Buda-Pesth, and before she returns to London to represent the Grand Duchess in Offenbach's opera she intends giving a concert of Hungarian songs. The lady who succeeded her at the Savoy, to wit, Miss Carla Dagmar, is only half a Swede; her mother is a Londoner. She was trained in Paris, and made her début in Sweden, coming six months later, however, to London, where she was soon offered a very good engagement by Sir Augustus Harris, with whom she remained three years, singing in grand opera.

And it was Sir Augustus that discovered Miss Annie Dirken, who has just ceded her rôle of Paola, the boy-girl violinist in "The Little Genius," at the Shaftesbury Theatre, to Miss Florence St. John. Like Madame Pálmay, she came to London with the Saxe-Coburg Company. There is, indeed, no fair trade in Stageland.



MISS ANDRÉE CORDAY.

CONCERNING THE ART OF CONDUCTING.

A CHAT WITH FRANÇOIS CELLIER.

"The orchestral conductor should see and hear, he should be active and vigorous, should know the composition and the nature and compass of the instruments, should be able to read the score, and possess the indefinable gift without which an invisible link cannot establish itself between him and those he directs. Without it, power, empire, and



FRANÇOIS CELLIER.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

guiding influence completely fail him; he is no longer a conductor, a director, simply a beater of time, supposing he knows how to beat and divide it regularly." All this I read as it is written by Hector Berlioz in his famous treatise on "Modern Instrumentation and Orchestration," dedicated to Frederick William IV., King of Prussia. Not at all satisfied that I had solved the mysteries of the electric glow, the force of impulse, the vital radiations of musical art, or the theory of the universal language of "beats," I went forth (writes a *Sketch* representative) and found my friend François Cellier, the popular conductor of the Savoy, at his pretty riverside home at Surbiton.

He was shy of discourse, more inclined

to draw my critical attention to his daughter's pictures; his photos of the famous Windsor Castle stage, built by Mr. D'Oyly Carte, and now used for all the Court performances; his lawn-tennis ground, and the Church of St. Andrew, where, after he ceased to be a Chapel Royal choir-boy, he was organist for seventeen years.

"Berlioz will tell you all about conducting as an art," he said over the coffee and cigarettes.

"Berlioz be blown!" I retorted, alluding to that eminent musician as if he were an organ or a "second trombone," like the young Japanese hero in "The Mikado." "How did you learn the art of conducting? *Sketch* wants to know, and her mandates are imperative."

"The Rev. Thomas Helmore, the great authority on Gregorians, taught us choir-boys to conduct with the right digit of the left hand as we sang. My first essay at conducting was in 1867, in Belfast, when, with no rehearsal and the band-parts incomplete, I led an overture written by my brother Alfred, an incomparable conductor and musician."

"So you conductors can at sight work swiftly and surely?"

"Yes; more than the public know. Take our Savoy operas—the work is done in less than a week. Monday we have 'band alone,' led by Sir Arthur, my chief, from whom I have learnt so much. This always takes place in a hall, and I study effects, possibly detecting clerical errors, such as occur when the copyist puts the horn notes into the clarinets' score. Tuesday brings us band and voices—the singers having rehearsed from manuscripts and piano—in oratorio form, with the orchestra in front of conductor. Wednesday, stage of Savoy with 'stops' and 'go backs' over music and 'business.' Friday, we go right through the opera with no stops; right or wrong, it must be put through. At this period," my host observed with a smile, "the overture generally arrives, and on Saturday we present our work to the public and the critics."

"But of conducting as an art?"

"The essence of the art," said Cellier, after a pause, while he softly hummed his new "Plantation" melody, "lies not only in knowledge, but in moral power over your army. Like Costa in his leading of the Handel Festival, the great conductor should be in as true sympathy with his solo-singers as he is with his four-thousand chorus. Like Richter, he should be able to lead without music before him, fully impregnated with the artistic richness of the harmonies and melodies under his artistic glance. By the way, Richter used the left hand and eye with rare vitality; the quick insistence of the eye when introducing an important passage or sending a signal to an instrument that may have missed a few bars' count is of vast importance. I saw Wagner lay down his bâton and smile on his men until the right psychological moment came for him to, as it were, seize his sword and spring into action; then he flung himself into the tournament, impinging his own genius into the souls of his executants."

Then we made pictures of types, and for these vignettes Mr. Cellier, who is very loyal to his craft, is not directly responsible.

The melodramatic conductor, who seemingly fishes up harmonies on the point of his bâton, poses as one who is apparently inventing the

music as he performs acrobatic feats, flourishing his "stick" behind his back, beating under his desk, bewildering his executants, and entirely forgetful of Costa's immortal dictum that of an orchestral artist's attention "two-thirds should be on the stick, and one-third on the music." He is a fraud.

The Mountebank of Promenade Concerts, recalling the white waistcoat and curly hair of the magnificent Jullien, came in for criticism. We—that is, I, for Mr. Cellier was modest—spoke fearlessly of the "swing-chair-man," who revolves, and seemingly scolds his orchestra with pointed emphasis when some unhappy deputy has let loose a vicious flat or an irritating sharp.

Unlike are all these and others to the ideal conductor, who shows his wisdom and sympathy at rehearsals only, and never before his audience.

For clear, decisive beat, Signor Vienesi, who knows every classic Italian opera by heart, came close to Mr. Cellier's ideas of moral power.

"A lymphatic man is no use," he insisted; "he is a non-conductor. Old age will tell on him. His *vivace* will sink into a *moderato*, and his *andantes* and *adagios* rise only to the normal of his jog-trot." So I gathered the philosophy of the vitality absolutely essential to the conductor.

"Sympathy, wisdom, moral power, these are the triple pillars of the conductor's art, and, as Berlioz says—"

"Bother Berlioz! What of English executants?"

"They are the quickest and smartest in the world, reading at sight better and more surely than the Continental players. London men are swift to grasp the significance of the slightest gesture, as Wagner himself testified. It's a great pleasure to work with old hands; some of my men have been with us for seventeen years."

"And they can earn—?"

"Well, the cost of the Savoy orchestra is about £4000 a-year; an individual artist will earn from two to five pounds a-week."

"And an individual conductor can earn—what shall we say, mon cher François?"

But a light laugh, another cigarette, and a cheery invitation to come and play lawn-tennis with his clever daughters were all the answers I got to that question from the pleasant "stick-man" of the Savoy and Surbiton.

A PORTRAIT.

In winter days you came to me.

When sitters all had taken flight,

When I no longer thought to see

Gay faces by my studio light;

When grave and gay long since had sought

The brightness mine no longer brought.

When all my painting, good and ill,

Discarded lay amid the gloom,

When shadows only stayed to fill

The vacant spaces of my room;

In such a dreary hour your feet

Came kindly up the lonely street.

Of silks and jewels rarely wed,

Of flower-hued embroideries,

Your shining raiment surely shed

A magic radiance for my ease;

And healing rays for me to see

And paint you by, so gratefully.

And with the cunning of my hand,

And with the passion of my heart,

With all my life at my command,

Did I perform my grateful part;

And through the hours with loving care

I set you on my canvas there.

And you, with naught but laughing eyes,

Went forth again without a word,

From my entreating words and sighs

You passed, as though you had not heard;

You would not turn and stay to see

How beautiful you were to me.

But when the year had changed to spring,

And idle, through the sunny day,

About you I sat wondering,

You came once more my studio way,

And with a cold, indifferent face

You passed your old abiding place.

With all its former splendour gone,

In sombre folds your raiment fell,

No jewel from its dulness shone

Of those which I had marked so well;

Nor beauty now nor grace betrayed

Yours was the likeness I had made.

Then, for my gratitude's sweet sake,

With patient hand I touched anew

The work I would no more mistake,

The beautiful dear face I knew;

And blank, through all that may befall,

Your portrait hangs upon my wall.—DOLLIE RADFORD.



MISS JULIETTE NESVILLE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



MISS MARTINO IN "AN ARTIST'S MODEL."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. ROBINSON AND SONS, DUBLIN.

MR. F. R. BURNHAM, THE FAMOUS SCOUT.

It falls to the lot—or luck—of few people to boast so charmed a life of adventure as that enjoyed by Mr. F. R. Burnham, the American scout whose name has become famous in present-day history by reason of his daring exploits in Rhodesia. He first became prominent in connection with the Matabele War of 1893, but he has played a conspicuous and important part during the recent crisis, and when the history of this year's rebellion is recorded the narrative will contain few incidents more dramatic than that relating to the death of the high priest of the M'Limbo. On Aug. 17 Mr. Burnham arrived in England. He was the embodiment of perfect health and spirits—a living testimonial to the salubrity of Rhodesia. In appearance he is the very opposite of what the average reader would expect him to be. He is, if anything, under the middle height, of a slim but compact build, with a fair complexion tempered by the influences of Africa's sunny climate. His bronzed face alone betrays him as a Colonist. Born thirty-five years ago—and he looks not a day older—he first saw light “out Californy way,” in the neighbourhood of Los Angeles, being one of the eighth generation of an old English family who emigrated from the Midlands. While he was “toddling,” the settlers were waging war with the Indians, and young Burnham, as he grew up, drifted into the spirit and dangers of the frontiersman's life. He helped to fight the Indians from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and that was where he acquired his experience as a scout—an experience which has proved not only useful to himself, but of great value to the pioneers of the new empire in South Africa.

Though American, Mr. Burnham is very un-American in the chief trait of his character. He is extremely modest, and, from the interviewer's point of view, this is a drawback. To make him talk about himself and his own experiences, his daring exploits and his hair-breadth escapes, is almost an utter impossibility.

“I suppose,” I queried, “that to you scouting is very much as another man's profession would be to him?”

“Just about the same,” replied Mr. Burnham. “It's like the study of a book. When you are on the trail you grow to notice every little thing, even to the habits of the ground insects. You get on to a spoor, and you can tell whether that spoor is old or recent, and gauge the approximate distance between yourself and those for whom you are searching. It may have been raining. You can tell whether the spoor was made before or after the rainfall, and how long before or after. Even the air you breathe gives clues. The practised scout can smell a burning kraal miles off, or where there are cattle, near or far. A bent twig or a crumpled leaf may supply evidence. You come across a spoor and see that the ants have been across it, and you know pretty correctly how long that spoor has been there. I was out one day with Captain White on the track of a waggon that had gone out. We found the spoor of two waggons on the same road. I picked out at once the one we were after, but the Captain disagreed with me and said it was the other. I explained that the thing was as plain as a pikestaff, as you say. It was like reading a book to me. I could tell which spoor was the more recent of the two, while the wider and deeper wheel-marks of the spoor and the voerlooper told me that one waggon was loaded, while the other was not. I think the Captain only differed to test me.”

“A good memory is essential?” I suggested.

“Certainly. The senses must be perfect and trained—sight, hearing, smell, and memory. I am going over to America, and shall visit the scenes of some of my old experiences. I shall recall incidents that occurred years ago during some journey through the country, and the scenes will recur to my mind like so many photographs—the trees, the stones, and everything just as they were.”

“Your experience as a frontiersman came in handy in Africa?”

“Yes, if you like to put it so. I was used to the free-and-easy, rough-and-ready life of Western America, and could not settle down to the peaceful life of the city. So I emigrated to Mashonaland about four years ago, just before the war. When that broke out, I joined Major Alan Wilson as a scout, and served under him until that terrible affair at Shangani River. But that's stale history now, and the story has been told too often.”

After Mr. Burnham had enlightened me on the subject of the ubiquitous M'Limbo, his history and being, who was originally a Makalaka deity, and subsequently appropriated by the Matabele, I got him to proceed with the story of his recent expedition, and a thrilling story it was, too.

“These high priests, or witch doctors,” he said, “have always been somewhat of a bugbear to whites. Two years ago Dr. Jameson sent Sergeant Hook and a few men to attempt a capture of the chief; but on arrival at the cave they found the bird had flown. We had several tries to get at the place at night, but failed. Shortly after daybreak on the morning of the 23rd of June, Armstrong and I rode off in the direction of the hills; but after crossing the Shangani River (three miles from the ‘Sacred Mountain’) the country was so rough that we had to dismount and walk, leaving our horses tethered in the bush some eight hundred yards from the cave. It is a terribly rough bit of country; you can't imagine a more tremendous conglomeration of granite and bush, while the sacred mountain is the biggest of the whole range, composed of huge boulders piled one on top of another, ascent on hands and knees being alone possible in many places. About half-way up the kopje the boulders form an irregular cave, with a long, winding entrance, at the end of which is an open cave sacred to the M'Limbo.”

“And into this you went?”

“Yes, we crawled and crept, hiding behind rocks or any cover handy, and expecting every minute to be ‘spotted and potted’ by the Kaffirs, who were seated at the foot of the hill, evidently preparing for a big indaba on the morrow. At length we got a good view of the old gentleman, but we had to be very cautious. He was going through all sorts of rites and performing the most curious antics. At one time he would wave his hands and arms, and at another only his feet. At another point he sat down, clapping his hands, swaying his head, and chanting in pure Makalaka, in a strong, rolling, monotonous bass voice, which echoed through the cave, and added an unpleasant weirdness to the scene.”

“Just so. But how about the execution?”

“It might have been ours instead of M'Limbo's. The Kaffirs were squatting on the rocks, looking at the old man and his ceremonies. It would not have done for us to let him escape, and capture was impossible, with the niggers all around and an impi on the next kopje. So I thought it best to make sure and let a ‘303 bullet from my Lee-Metford settle the question.”

“And it didn't turn into water, I suppose?”

“It didn't. The old villain dropped, and we were pretty soon creeping down the side of the mountain to the huts, which, after some trouble, we managed to put into a good blaze. Then the Kaffirs got the alarm, and came for us; but they had had enough after an hour or two's chase. You can ride, you know, when a horde of niggers are on your

track, but there was precious little ‘go’ left in our horses when we got back, I can tell you. I pensioned mine off just before I came away. He had done good service and well deserved it.”

“You will find it difficult to reconcile yourself to the humdrum life of civilisation after these stirring experiences, I should imagine?”

“Yes; I couldn't stand being ‘cribbed, cabined, and confined’ in a city. I'm just come over for a change, to visit friends and home for a couple of months, and shall then return.”

“You believe in Rhodesia, then?”

“Certainly. And I've been all through the territory, right up beyond the Zambesi. It will be a bit rough for a time, owing to the difficulties of transport, but when we get the railway up it will become one of the best colonies you have.”

We chatted on a hundred-and-one other topics of interest—the rinderpest, the cattle question, problems of the future, the amnesty proclamation (Mr. Burnham still thinks it was a mistake and premature), and others—but space precludes a lengthy recital of the opinions of even so pleasant and agreeable a character as the famous American scout. A fearless determination is imprinted on his every feature, but beneath this is hidden a disposition as honest as it is unassuming, while the expressive simplicity of his language lends to his descriptions the charm of sincerity which rivets one's interest.

I don't believe in Fenimore Cooper's types now.

J.

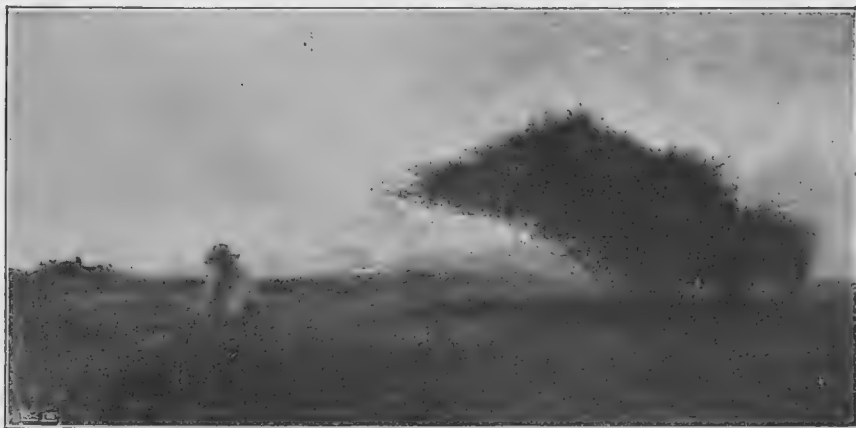


MR. F. R. BURNHAM AND MR. U. P. SWINBURNE.
From a Photograph taken on their return from the Battle at Umgusa River.

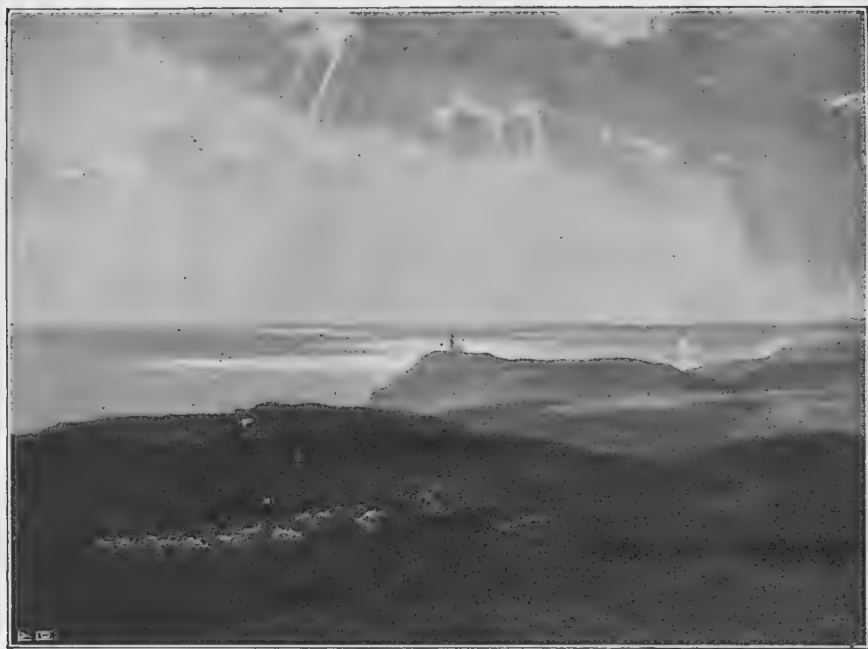
THE ART OF THE DAY.

Mr. W. Padgett's recent picture "On the Marshes," which was hung at the New Gallery, and is reproduced in these columns, shows, perhaps, less impressively in black and white than in its original oils. It is still, however, possible to note the fine massing of the landscape, the ungainly appropriateness of the squat tree, and the sentiment of peacefulness and poetry over the whole scene. "Cloud Shadows over Sea and Land," by Mr. Frederick Goodall, R.A., is a more real and uncompromising translation from nature. The sunlight and the shadow are fixed, as it were, in their places, and their truth is absolute. Mr. Goodall, it may be said, does not attempt to deal with the ideal and elusive aspects of life, but he is unerring in his faithful interpretation of actual facts.

"The Wheelwright's Yard," by Mr. J. Henry Inskip, R.B.A., also reproduced herewith, shows the picturesque aspect of a matter-of-fact element in life. The workshop is broken out of its flatness by the trees, and the little bits of landscape are themselves changed and relieved by the wood-piles that are gathered together here and there. It is a very difficult matter to array the dulness of truth in a garb of quaintness or of poetry; and there can be no doubt that Mr. Inskip has succeeded very creditably in accomplishing this endeavour.



ON THE MARSHES.—WILLIAM PADGETT.



CLOUD SHADOWS OVER SEA AND LAND: BEACHY HEAD.—FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A.

What may prove to be an important fact in the history of the artistic productions of the country has just been published in the form of a prospectus issued in connection with the Central School of Arts and Crafts by the Technical Education Board of the London County Council. The school will provide the "best instruction in art and design as applied to their particular industries" for apprentices and workmen engaged in artistic handicrafts. The session of 1896-7 will begin on October 12, and the work of the school will be regulated according to the particular requirements of art in the various departments of the building trades, whether for architects, designers, workers in glass, in bronze, and in lead, or for the different branches of the gold and silver trades. Other departments will be added according to demand. The school may, therefore, be considered to be placed upon a footing which should work for great advantage in those matters of artistic craft in which we, as a nation, are so ludicrously backward at present.

Sir James Linton has proposed that a joint memorial should be organised to perpetuate the memory of Lord Leighton and Sir John Millais, and indeed, from the practical point of view, there is a good deal to be said for the proposal. So many men of distinction are so often, by reason of their death, claiming memorials from the public, that when such disasters become very numerous one is apt to tire of the trouble involved in satisfying such a claim. From this point of view, the bracketing together of Sir John Millais and Lord Leighton is not at all a bad idea. Both were Presidents of the Academy, they were great friends in life, and in a peculiar way both represented English Art to the average Englishman, whether of London or of the provinces. Sir James Linton's

idea, therefore, is that they should not be divided in death. But when you consider the question from any other standpoint save this—from, say, the standpoint of art—the proposition is preposterous. No two painters

were so far apart either in theory or in practice as these two Presidents of the Royal Academy. It would be unfair to say what, nevertheless, has been said, that the separation was that between a great social figure-head and a great artist. Leighton was, if not so great an artist as Millais, no less devoted to his profession; it was in his methods, his ideals, his practice, that he was so utterly different from Millais. Bouguereau and Corot are not more mutually unsympathetic than these Englishmen. And as, after all, the sole reason for any memorial at all is in the art of both men, Sir James Linton's proposal becomes less plausible and more unreasonable the more one examines it.

Lord Rosebery's suggestion of the erection of a statue to Stevenson leads one to meditate somewhat mournfully upon the state of sculpture as exemplified throughout this country in the memorials which it has contrived to offer up to the shades of its great sons who are dead. Go where you will, the same sorrowful fact encounters your journey, that we have not in our midst the talent necessary to make a modern man appear distinguished in marble. Some lay the blame upon the modern frock-coat; but failure attends the nude statues of, say, the Abbey and Drury Lane no less than the decently draped marbles of Hyde Park and the Temple Gardens. Therefore it is that, however handsome in theory the making of a statue to the memory of the dead may sound, the fact remains that, in the present conditions of art in this country, it is a waste of energy and of money to set up this particular



THE WHEELWRIGHT'S YARD.—J. HENRY INSKIP, R.B.A.

form of memorial. Stevenson was an excellent subject for statuary, none better; but we have no Rodin in England, and it appears that it would not much matter if we had, if the report be true that that eminent sculptor has been taking some ten years to mature his ideas upon a work to see which certain subscribers are clamouring vainly. We should not have time enough, at that rate, for our Stevenson.

The subject of collecting prints that may be common to-day and rare to-morrow is one which in these days, when the art of reproduction has advanced to such high perfection, enters very considerably into the



ROSEBUD.

A Photographic Study by Madame Garet-Charles.

regions of practical and domestic politics. Just as a pamphlet becomes by reason of its multitude almost impossible to obtain some years after its issue, on the principle that nobody keeps what everybody else has, so an etching or a print, which is published by its thousands, often becomes extremely rare in a very short space of time. It is a matter worth consideration, for day by day and week by week admirable reproductions of admirable work make their appearance, and are "cast as rubbish to the void." Many of them are well worth the keeping, well worth the framing, and well worth the hanging.

Consider for a moment how cheaply and how economically a man may furnish his walls by a judicious, even an intolerant, selection from the admirable work which is thrown aside so easily. The artist has now little to complain of in the perfection with which his work is produced, and you receive it, to all intents and purposes, exactly as it leaves his pen. In the old days of wood-engraving a selection from this kind of work was frankly impossible. Nobody dreamed of framing a Charles Keene then, just as nobody dreams of framing a Du Maurier now. *Punch* still sticks to its wooden last, but outside those classic shades there is a wealth of drawing worth framing from the pens of such men as Phil May, Herbert Railton, Joseph Pennell, and Charles Gibson—an idea that may be cordially commended to any general buyer of illustrated papers. Too much good work is just now allowed to waste.

Reference was made in last week's *Sketch* to Mr. Walter Lonergan's "Historic Churches of Paris," published by Downey and Co. The book may be considered also from the artistic standpoint, furnished as it is with many drawings by Mr. Brinsley S. Le Fanu. The frontispiece, "Saint Germain des Près," is an admirably solid and simple little drawing, straight and impressive. One turns with interest to the chapter on Notre Dame, where the devils that Mr. Pennell made famous stand grim and gaunt in their unique ugliness; and Mr. Le Fanu's illustration of the Sainte Chapelle is extremely elegant and finished. St. Médard, the scene of the great struggle between the Huguenots and Catholics in 1561, shows in these pages its old and worn front; here the Russian church appears white and pale in the snow of winter; the Trinité, built only thirty years ago from Ballu's plans, rears its fine pinnacles on

high; you see the gaudy, rococo decoration of Saint Roch, the gay arches of the Invalides, and the solemn exterior of Saint Sulpice. Mr. Le Fanu is indefatigable in his exhaustiveness. St. Denis, the Sorbonne, the Madeleine, the Chapelle Expiatoire, the new Basilica of the Sacré-Cœur: all these, together with the Protestant churches and the Synagogue, are illustrated by his eager and graceful pencil. It is, in its way, an uniquely interesting record.

The whirligig of Art brings strange changes when one hears that there is a movement on foot in Paris to "suppress the cult of the nude." What will become of us in England? Here have some of us been during all these years clamouring for the nude, urging Mrs. Grundy to change her well-known views upon the subject, and pointing to Paris as the triumphant mother of our convictions. And here the gay capital turns upon us, and demurely walks past us, in the other direction, to the point from which we had started. In truth, it is a change beyond thought, report, or belief. And what is to become of the Parisian poster?

Madame Garet-Charles, who has taken the studio in Regent's Park belonging to the late Burton Barber, the animal-painter, is the most recent of lady photographers. She confines herself mainly to photographing women and children, and the two specimens of her work reproduced here are typical of her skill. She believes in making "pictures" as well as faithful portraits. Among others, she has taken portraits of Miss Laura Graves, Mdlle. Cornille, Mrs. Ian Robertson and her father, Mr. Joseph Knight, both so well known to first-night audiences, Miss Ella Hepworth, &c., and all have a delicacy of detail and softness of tone that make looking at them a positive pleasure.

Madame Garet-Charles's pictures of children are equally successful. One in particular is worthy of notice—that of a nude little boy of four, stretched at length on the floor, holding an animated conversation with a huge beetle. He seems to be asking "'Oo is 'oo?" On seeing a lady, who had accompanied him to the studio, about to be photographed in evening-dress, he calmly suggested that the airy costume he had been wearing a few minutes previously would be a very appropriate one for her to be taken in. He also appears in a most effective study called "Lilies," where his cherub head dreams from a wealth of white blossom. Madame Garet-Charles is exceedingly fond of "picturing" children, and they feel at home with her, as, indeed, everybody does. She is an Irishwoman. She is very enthusiastic about her art; it is her work and



HER PET.

A Photographic Study by Madame Garet-Charles.

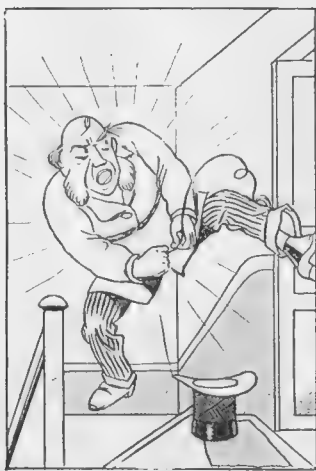
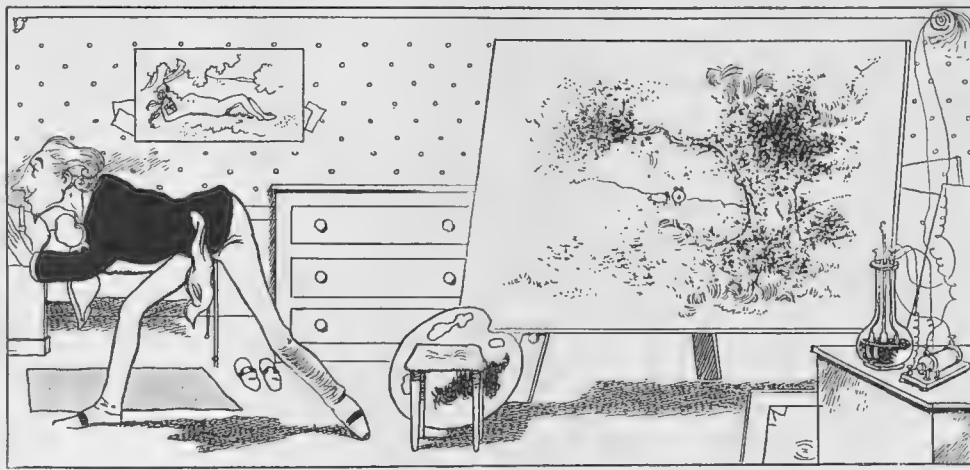
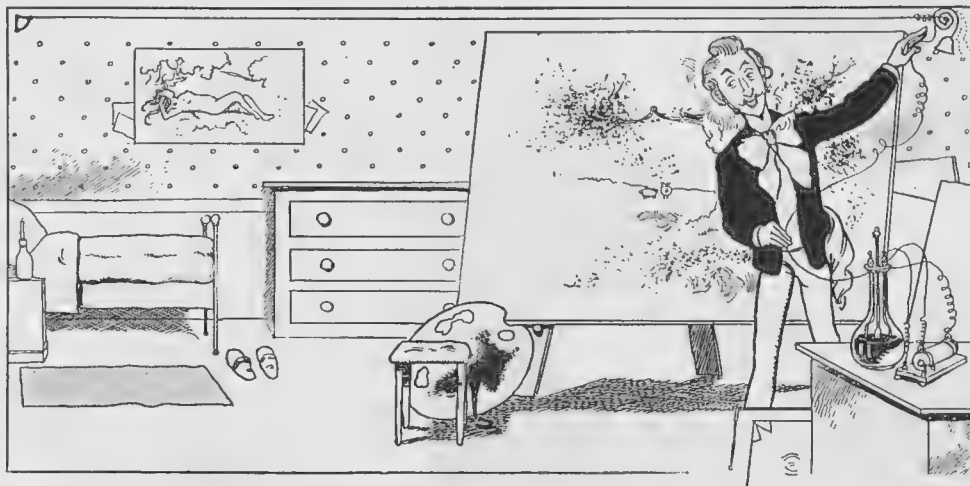
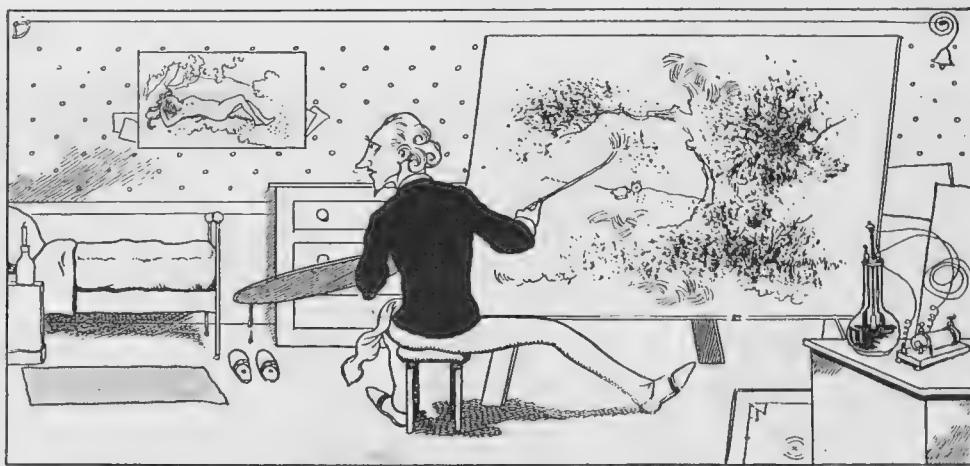
her hobby, as one who hears her talk of it may easily see. Although her studio—it is really part of her private house—has not been open for more than three months, she finds that, even with the help of her sister, herself a talented artist, she has difficulty in obliging everyone who wants to be "made beautiful."

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"Wasn't it pathetic, Jack?"

"Rather! why, the seats were in tiers."



HOW DAUBER PAID HIS RENT.



INQUISITIVE FEMALE : I suppose you must find it very dull and lonely when all the visitors have gone ?

BOATMAN : Yes, Marm, dreadful ; but, you see, it gives us time to rest our minds and get ready to answer questions again next year.



*Were all the world in cap and bells, like you,
Methinks it scarce would know its spells of rue.
You sing, you smile with merry glance, nor fret,
As if the days were one long dance, Pierrette.*

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A MODERN LAURA.

BY LEAH ANSON.

Poor Petrarch! Petrarch—why had they so odiously named, or rather, misnamed him? he asked himself a hundred times on his way to and from the dingy City day by day. Petrarch! It was absurd. And Petrarch Robinson; Oh, impossible! No wonder she smiled, but here he generally smiled too; like and unlike, he also had his Laura. Her name was Lorna; but thinking of her, dreaming of her, he always called her Laura; speaking to her—oh, so rarely!—her name was Miss Butler. Lorna Robinson, it didn't sound much worse than Lorna Butler, after all; but he should always call her Laura.

Oh, poor, poor Petrarch! He was plain, poor, small, and insignificant; and he had found his Laura—at forty, and she was perhaps eighteen, certainly not more. How well he remembered the first time he saw her! He was coming from the works into the office, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, and his arms all over paint and oil, his apron on, his spectacles pushed up on to his forehead, his face all smeared and grimy with work, and yet flushed with triumph, for he held the colour in his hands at last. The chemicals and dyes he had been working with so long and so patiently had given him a hint of a future success, had let him a little further into their secrets at last, and he had come to show them that, after all, he was something more than a mere "laboratory experimenter," as they sometimes so contemptuously called him. But when he entered the office he saw only Laura; she was standing by the little table, listening to something the master, Mr. Macdonald, was saying to her, and she vanished almost as he entered.

"Who is that?" he managed to ask, as he found Mr. Macdonald regarding him with a rather surprised expression, as if inquiring whether he had left *all* his senses among his crucibles.

"That? Oh, one of our type-writers," Mr. Macdonald answered.

"I—I never knew we had any." Poor Petrarch stammered dreadfully when confused or agitated.

Mr. Macdonald (he was a Scotchman) seemed calmly amused at the idea.

"And did you come all the way from the top to find out?" he asked.

"No—no, certainly not; of course not; I—I came down to show you this."

"This," the colour, seemed to promise business, and Mr. Macdonald became interested immediately.

Petrarch's position in the office was rather peculiar; his family was well known to Mr. Macdonald, and he had assisted that gentleman in one or two details of his business in a manner that had proved extremely lucrative to him. Mr. Macdonald was the proprietor of a very large oil and colour works in the City, and in return for the services rendered him by Petrarch he had built him a laboratory at the top of his factory and allowed him to experiment and invent there to his heart's content. Petrarch was possessed of a small income—unfortunately for him, or he would have turned his time and talents to better account—about a hundred pounds a-year, he lived with his mother, now a very aged woman, and had never dreamed of or wished for anything better until he saw Lorna. He had not produced any invention or improvement for some time now, and Mr. Macdonald was becoming a trifle impatient.

He had, as a matter of fact, concentrated all his energies upon obtaining the famous purple of the Romans. He had been assured that there was a real desire for it, and for months he had thought and worked for nothing else. Among the men in the warehouse and factory he was good-naturedly looked upon as a fool, "mad but harmless," in spite of the many improvements he had effected in the making and colouring of varnishes and dyes, and he generally went by the name of the "Crank." Poor Petrarch! after his glimpse of Lorna he was always trying to find some excuse for blundering into the office where she sat bending over her type-writer, just to catch a glimpse of the large brown eyes that looked so shyly at him from under the brown curls that would gather round the broad white forehead, were they brushed back ever so determinedly. She never took any notice of him, of course, beyond a "Good morning" or "Good afternoon" when he came in, and he very seldom had sufficient courage to speak to her; but sometimes, after wandering round the office until all the other lady clerks stared and giggled at him, he would blurt out—

"M—M—Miss Butler, d—don't you feel very w—warm in here?" And then there would be smothered squeaks and simpers all round the room, and the brown eyes would look at him compassionately, while the low, rich voice answered—

"No, I don't think it's too warm, thank you." And then he would try to murmur something else, stick in the middle, and so break down altogether, and then bolt out of the office right up, up to his lonely room, where the chimney-pots, with their restless, ever-moving crows, peered down on him through the glass roof like so many hooded monks turning and turning always towards Heaven and finding it not.

Here he would walk up and down, and curse himself and those giggling girls, and his work that spoiled his clothes and disfigured his hands, and all the world, until he became calmer; or he would bury his face in his hands and give himself up to despair.

"I am sure she smiled; she laughs at me; of course she must. How could she do anything else? And yet—she spoke so gently, and her brown eyes looked so pitifully at my confusion—if I could only speak sensibly to her, if I could only see her alone!"

He never imagined that his Laura hid the wildest longings of ambition beneath a calm and gentle exterior, and would have looked at him with undisguised indignation and contempt if she had ever dreamed what his strange conduct really meant. As a matter of fact, she never gave him a second thought—he was only the "Crank" to her; and as for the brown eyes, they looked at everything with that soft, pleading, wondering look—from a draper's shop-window to her most eligible partner at the monthly hop. It was only a trick of theirs, and no more to be trusted as bespeaking a tender, sympathetic heart than a penny given to a beggar can be trusted to prove generosity in the giver.

I don't know when Petrarch first began to write poetry to her, sonnets and verses of every description; but it must have been after she had been there some long time, for when he began he was almost despairing of ever coming nearer to her, and he wrote as a relief. It began in his writing love-letters to her—long, passionate letters—of which the poor little man knew he should never dare to utter a syllable, and which he used most carefully to destroy. At first he burnt his poems too; but after a little he kept those for her to read some day.

One hot summer's day, on going into the office and finding it comparatively empty, he ventured to speak to her, and presently asked—

"Are you fond of poetry, Miss Butler?"

"Yes," answered Brown Eyes; "I love it. I am very fond indeed of good poetry."

Petrarch was pleased and hurt at the same time. Laura loved poetry, and that was well—very well, but "good poetry"; and his poems were—suppose she said rubbish; he should never have the courage to show them to her. Over his next question he stuttered worse than ever.

"You only care for the best poetry, then?"

"Of course," she answered lightly. "Don't you think, Mr. Robinson, one likes to have the best of everything?"

"Y—yes," he said slowly. "W—would you like to be rich, then?"

"Oh, yes!"—the brown eyes seemed to look into the future—"to be rich, to be able to leave off working and do nothing but dress and visit and talk and laugh. It would be delightful!"

"Y—you w—would never care for love in a cottage, then?" he stammered.

She shook her head smilingly. "I like it in my poetry, of course; but in real life—oh, a comfortable house and servants would be much better. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," he answered thoughtfully, "I think so."

Then she went on with her work, and he crept away through the busy, evil-smelling factory, with its vats and barrels on each side, up to his little retreat. There he gathered up all his poems, fastened them together with a letter-clip, and drove a long nail into the wall underneath a large picture of a girl's face—an advertisement of some hair-wash or other, a common thing enough; but he had smoothed it out and nailed it up because the eyes reminded him of Laura; and there he hung his poems to rest until she read them or—Further than that he did not go, but set to work almost fiercely, reminding himself grimly that he had wasted time enough, more than enough. He would give away no more ideas or suggestions; no, he would coin them into money. Yes; they should bring him gold, gold in plenty. True, he was old, ugly, and awkward; but Laura loved money and poetry, and if he had the one, he could, perhaps, bring the other into her life if she would let him. Oh, could he but procure the one, the first! And so he worked and worked, early and late, all through that summer and the winter, and on into the spring, denying himself more than an occasional glimpse of Laura at her work, hardly exchanging a word with her all that time, but dreaming of her, working for her, continuously.

One day, early in the spring, when the first pale rays of the sun were beginning to peer into the dusty little room and light up the hair and eyes of the picture on the wall, a message was brought to him that Mr. Macdonald wished to see him in his private office. Wondering what could be the cause of so unusual a request, Petrarch descended and entered the trim little room. There stood Mr. Macdonald, uncompromisingly square and grim.

"Good morning, Mr. Robinson," he said; "I sent for you in order to tell you that, much as I regret it, I find I can no longer spare you any room in my warehouse. The increasing amount of business demands every square inch of space at my disposal, and I must ask you, therefore, to give up your room."

"G—give up my room?" gasped Petrarch.

His room, the little place where he had worked so long for her—where he had thought of her so much the very air seemed full of her. It was sacred to her; the thought of rough feet and rougher oaths or jests resounding there hurt him dreadfully.

"I can't give up the room," he said.

"I hardly think it can put you to any inconvenience," said Mr. Macdonald, eyeing him keenly.

"B—but it will put me to great inconvenience," stammered Petrarch, who had only one thought—Laura. He would not give up his chance; he would at least remain near her.

"I hardly see how," returned Mr. Macdonald. "You will have very little difficulty in finding another laboratory. I, on the contrary, find it impossible to add to the size of my factory."

"B—but the colour, my—my discovery—you do not care about that, then?"

Mr. Macdonald smiled, and pointed to a bottle on the mantelpiece containing a liquid of a pale-blue tint.

"It is now almost a year since you brought me that as a specimen of the purple," he said, "and assured me that you should very shortly perfect it. As I have not yet seen any results, I presume that you have not yet arrived at any?"

Poor Petrarch almost groaned. "Not yet," he said; "but I hope to do so very shortly."

"Of course," answered Mr. Macdonald suavely; "and when you do I shall be most happy to hear from you. I suppose I shall be able to send my workmen into your room in two or three weeks? Yes? Very well. Good morning," and the busy manufacturer turned back to his desk, muttering, "M'm, he'll never do anything else. I'm well rid of him."

Out in the warehouse, hurrying along, Petrarch almost stumbled against Laura in her hat and coat. As he looked at her, and realised that in a few days his chance of occasionally seeing and speaking to her would have gone for ever, despair gave him courage, and, returning her "Good morning," he continued, "Are you going out, Miss Butler?"

"Yes," she answered, a little wonderment showing in the brown eyes. "I am going to fetch some carbon-paper."

"May I come with you?" blurted out Petrarch, keeping pace with her.

The wonderment deepened. "If you like," she said, a little hesitatingly.

Petrarch saw the hesitation, and hailed it as a good omen; anything was better than indifference. Could he have known that Miss Butler hesitated only because she hardly cared for a companion whose clothes were splashed all over with different stains and colours, and whose ungloved hands were by no means spotless!

Down the steps and out of the narrow doorway he followed her, and then through the busy City streets and up into the warehouse where she got her carbon-paper. They had hardly spoken so far, and then only on the most indifferent topics, and Petrarch was standing by her side inwardly enraged with himself for his cowardice, watching her as she drew off her glove to pay for it, when he suddenly noticed for the first time a ring upon her finger. His heart gave a throb and then seemed to stop; he leant forward upon the counter and whispered rather eagerly—

"That's new, isn't it?"

Miss Butler smiled. Was there some meaning in the "Crank's" unaccountable behaviour, after all? It tickled her vanity, and she answered demurely as she turned to go—

"I haven't worn it very long, Mr. Robinson."

"No," he said, as he followed her out into the air again, "no, not long, not long." Then, after walking back with her, "Good-bye, Laura—I—I beg your pardon, I mean Miss Butler."

"Aren't you coming in?" she asked, surprised for once out of her usual self-possession.

"No," he said, "no more. I am leaving Macdonald's. Good-bye, and God bless you."

He started off down the street at a rapid pace, with his thoughts in a whirl of confused misery. His world seemed ended, everything seemed slipping away from him; his work, his object in life, all seemed vanishing; he groaned in spirit. "I always knew it was hopeless," he thought. He had quite forgotten that he had never spoken to her of his love. He had loved her so well and so long, it seemed to him that she must know of it. "Well, it is over. I was mad to think she could care for an ugly wretch like me." He spoke to himself contemptuously. "You are a fool—at forty, not even youth for an excuse, and *you* must think of—" Then, with a sudden change of thought, "God, I hope she will be happy," he whispered, and went on.

Meanwhile, Laura stood still outside the factory, where he had left her, gazing after him in great amazement. "I wonder—," she said to herself. "I do believe he cared for me. Well! But what made him run off like that? The ring? Oh!" and she laughed a little amused laugh. "He really was mad, you know," she said. "I believe, if I held up my finger, he would come back."

She paused on the step and twisted the ring, which was *not* an engagement-ring, round and round her finger; then she saw her face reflected in the shining, polished brass plate on the door and smiled at it. "But I shall not hold it up." Then she went in.

Three weeks later Mr. Macdonald, followed by some of his workmen armed with mops and brooms, went leisurely up into Petrarch's little laboratory.

"Queer thing he's never been near the place since," he reflected, as he walked round inspecting everything before he bade the men clear out. "Sulky, I suppose. Well, he must be, that's all. I can't wait for him." Aloud, he said, "Well, there's nothing of any use here; you can clear it all away. Stop! What's that?"

"That" was the clip on the wall containing Petrarch's poems, which one of the workmen took down and handed to Mr. Macdonald, and then tore off the picture.

"Some of his formulæ, perhaps." Mr. Macdonald looked over them rather eagerly. "Poetry! Good Heavens!" He threw the bundle into the waste-paper basket as he turned to go. "I am well rid of him indeed!" he continued as he descended the staircase; "he was really mad, I think. Poetry!"

HER MAJESTY'S MAILS.

Lost, stolen, and strayed letters have long played their part in modern fiction, but no invented set of coincidences can vie for a moment in interest with the numberless true romances connected both with the past and present history of the Post Office. Only the other day, a Muniment-room, which will serve as museum and storing-place for hundreds of curious and valuable documents and relics bearing on the history of the Post Office, was opened in the new building in St. Martin's-le-Grand.

In old days, a letter, albeit a costly luxury—if not to the sender, then to the recipient—was not considered an object of any special value. The original home of the Post Office was in a courtyard leading out of Lombard Street, and in each window stood one or more "window-men," whose duty it was to hand over letters to those who cared to call for them. The letter-carriers added not a little to the gaiety of London, for they were garbed in blue knee-breeches, long red coats, and three-cornered hats embellished with cockades. The really important business of the General Post Office in those days was the safe carriage of the country mails, for in almost every case important sums of money were confided to its care, and all the banking business of the kingdom was transacted with the assistance of the mail-coaches. Time—save when there was a run on, say, the Warwick or Bath Bank—was of no great consequence; safety and protection from "the gentlemen of the road"



A MAIL-COACH OF 1807.

were of paramount importance. When a successful case of "stand and deliver" had been accomplished, enormous sums were offered for the apprehension of the robbers. So common an occurrence as the mail being "held up" excited scarcely any interest save in those who had been expecting a remittance. Another curious rôle enacted by His Majesty's Mail was that of gossip and purveyor of news. From the driver and his cory the mail-bag could be learnt the latest things of Court, Parliament, and town.

Occasionally public news of a very important character was circulated with the help of coarsely printed bills dropped in the High Street of each little village and townlet as the coach rattled through. In some such fashion did the shires learn of the death of good Queen Anne, and, doubtless, Hanoverian George made his accession known in the same manner. But these were the peaceful, unhasteful days of hunting parsons, drinking squires, and pocket boroughs; the days when a man might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, and when no vision of competitive or other examinations haunted the minds of sturdy window-men, letter-carriers, and mail-boys. Indeed, it is in some sense depressing to turn from the scenes evoked by this most romantic of Muniment-rooms to the Postmaster-General's latest annual report, robbed this year of even the sensational items which have hitherto delighted the morbid during the dog-days. It is not, as an official at St. Martin's-le-Grand carefully explained, that less dead kittens, live frogs, swarms of bees, and reptiles have found their way through, or rather, to the Post Office, or that the thousands of undirected letters and papers usually received have diminished in number: these signs of an advancing civilisation are still with us; but the report is constantly getting bigger, and the recounting of these curious incidents does not advance the working of the General Post Office as an institution. So there will not be so much of interest in the Muniment-room of the twentieth century.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

The philosopher is amply provided for by the Leagues and the remarkably chequered careers of some of the clubs engaged therein. Ever since Derby County did so brilliantly last year with a team which in the previous season could do practically nothing right, I determined not to be surprised at anything which might happen. Therefore, it is with the utmost composure that I note that West Bromwich Albion, the bottom club in the First Division last season, in the first week of this actually headed the poll.

That is progress with a vengeance. Even though we realise that the position at present carries little importance with it, yet must admiration be expressed at the way the Albion have opened the season. They went to Blackburn and beat the Rovers by 2 goals to 1; then they stayed at home, like the little piggy, and took it out of Aston Villa to the tune of 3 goals to 1. Four points out of a possible four, and among the defeated the League Champions—indeed, it had been profusely circulated that Aston Villa were to have a record team this year.

These happenings make one think. The changes made in the West Bromwich team since last year have not been sufficiently important to revolutionise the team. No, I think the explanation of West Bromwich's success lies in the fact that the team is meeting with more luck than attended it before. Football is a game of luck.

Only the other day a well-known referee remarked to me that it is never two to one in a League football match. Does that not in itself confess the presence of the great element? When goals are scored, nine times out of ten the goalkeeper is awkwardly placed for the reception of the ball. A goal needs a deal of getting in very first-class football, and so, you see, the difference between victory and defeat is not so appreciable as might be superficially inferred.

Now, supposing a team opens unluckily, and continues unluckily. Is it not quite possible for that team to sink irretrievably? Football spectators, especially in the North, are not subtle moralisers. They see their team go down, and they are disgusted. If they see their team go down again, they will probably stay away. They do not stop to think that their representatives had a deal of ill-luck. They do not even ask themselves whether they have witnessed a good game. Their overpowering consideration is that their pet team lost.

This element of luck to which I referred is not the least attractive of football charms. You can never tell what a player will do. A ball kicked the least bit too hard or too softly may give the pass to an opponent instead of to a colleague, and it may be that that very kick determines the result of the game. The other day I witnessed a United League match between Woolwich Arsenal and Rushden at the Manor Field, and when Rushden were leading by 2 goals to 0 they were awarded a penalty-kick—and they failed to score from it! That mistake alone lost them the game, for in the last twenty minutes or so the Arsenal came with a wet sail, and, putting on three points, actually won by 3 to 2.

I always feel sorry when I see a penalty-kick spoiled. Heaven knows we need all our strength to keep football a pure game, and yet we permit the most egregious fouls to take place right in the mouth of goal without inflicting punishment. Of course, the Association when they made the penalty-kick law took it for granted that any player could score from the twelve-yards' line with only the goalkeeper in front of him, but now that it has been conclusively shown that these kicks are frequently mulled, steps should certainly be taken to counteract the danger.

It must appear decidedly extraordinary to ordinary followers of the game that even crack exponents should fail in finding the net from twelve yards' range, and with plenty of time at disposal. I suppose we have in store the time when professionals will be able to do almost as they please with the ball, just as nobody would ever expect John Roberts to miss a nursery cannon, or W. J. Peall to fail in holeing the red from the spot. Even as it is, many players could be named who in mid-field can screw the ball at will, and yet these players not infrequently fail in giving the ball a straight, hard kick into the net.

I believe there is something in the statement that if, in the case of a penalty-kick, the goalkeeper stands stock-still, and fixes his gaze upon the face of the kicker, that kicker is pretty well bound to direct the ball straight at the goalkeeper. That is a theory expressed by many League goalkeepers. I suppose we are all, to some extent, possessed of the mesmeric quality. Anyhow, the fact remains that some kickers do invariably miss the net, and that some goalkeepers do consistently save penalty-kicks. I would like to see the Football Association adopt some means by which the penalty-kick could scarcely be missed.

CRICKET.

It is a moot point as to which of the two great national games is the more sensational or uncertain. When one looks down the list of names of players who have secured pairs of spectacles during the cricket season of 1896, this uncertainty becomes very striking. The situation becomes almost absurd when we realise that, out of the troop of spectacle-makers, we could get a capital side, composed of, say, Attewell, Briggs, W. McG. Hemingway, J. T. Hearne, F. A. Iredale, Mold, Peel, Richardson, W. G. Quaife, Storer, and C. L. Townsend. Townsend actually earned the "distinction" on three occasions.

On the whole, the South of England have every reason to be satisfied with the averages of the season's work. We provide the best batsman in K. S. Ranjitsinhji, and even the runner-up in Captain E. G. Wynyard,

while in bowling J. T. Hearne is miles ahead of anybody else, with 257 wickets at a cost of 3670 runs. Curiously enough, not one of these three players represents the first or second county in the Championship. Indeed, the best batsman of the year belongs to the most unsuccessful county. If Ranjitsinhji only belonged to Yorkshire or Surrey, what a team either of those counties would have! Perhaps it is just as well that Ranji is where he is.

Of the professionals, Gunn, after all, comes out at the top of the poll with an average of 44·61 for 1383 runs. Still, nobody would for one moment dream of ranking Gunn's performance better than Abel's. Not only did Abel bat in 55 innings against Gunn's 38, but it must not be forgotten that Gunn stopped just at the period when the spell of bad wickets set in. It is curious that Storer should be so splendidly forward in the batting averages, such an admittedly brilliant wicket-keeper and a useful bowler, and yet should not have been chosen for even one of the three matches against Australia. I have the utmost admiration for Lilley, but I think Storer's merits should have been recognised at Lord's. In years to come people will think of Storer as a good wicket-keeper only, whereas Lilley's name will go down to posterity. OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

I do not think I ever enjoyed a sight quite so much as I did the scene on Doncaster Town Moor after Persimmon had been declared the winner of the St. Leger. The Prince of Wales smiled his happiest smile, and the Yorkshire roar was deafening in the extreme. The North Country sportsmen are too cute to lay extravagant odds on any classic performer, but they dearly love a good horse, and in Persimmon they saw one. The Prince's colt pulled up fresh and sound, and, barring accidents, he may achieve something like a record in the number of winning stakes. I believe he is to be run right out for his engagements.

The Burlington Street machinery works with a regularity unknown in many large business-houses. I think for the last fifteen years the acceptances have been given to the public just half an hour before the start is due to take place for the St. Leger. I am surprised that more horses did not accept for the Cesarewitch, but it may be that trainers, as of yore, have discovered that something is required to turn moderate sprinters into good stayers. Filepa, with 6 st. 9 lb., is very likely to be the best of the Manton trio, and she may go close. The Corsican is being backed in certain inspired quarters, and Portmarnock is much fancied by the followers of Jewitt's stable. I really think Teufel has a great chance for the Cambridgeshire—that is, if the colt is worth keeping in training. It does not seem possible for Thais to give him 21 lb.

It is quite twelve months since I suggested in this column that there was a good opening for a racecourse at Folkestone, and I further expressed the opinion that if the Earl of Radnor could be induced to join the show the venture would succeed. Now the report is current that the course is to be established, with Lord Radnor as a patron. The only meeting at present held in the county of Kent is the Wye fixture, and my old friend Mr. Kennett, who runs this show, would, I believe, like to find a purchaser for it, as steeplechasing only is allowed on the course. I am convinced that a meeting, well managed, at Folkestone would be a big draw.

The race for first place on the winning jockeys' list is still very exciting, although I think T. Loates will just get home in front. I have seen it stated that the leading jockeys take little or no interest in the question as to who will lead; but I happen to know better, and I believe it is a fact that Tom Loates was so upset when he had to stand down on account of his eyes that his medical advisers thought it to be to the invalid's interest to let him return to the saddle earlier than was intended. Loates and Cannon are taking the greatest care of themselves just now. Even a slight bilious attack is apt to impair a jockey's judgment.

The Post Office authorities behave handsomely to newspapers in the matter of telegraphing racing news as quickly as possible, and this particular department is one of the best-managed at the G.P.O. But evening papers are becoming more exacting every day, and I think the time has arrived for the authorities to open the wires before eight o'clock each morning. I, for one, revise the combined writings as to the work, &c., of nine gentlemen on a big race morning, and this has to be published before ten o'clock, so the strain is very great. As the morning work commences on the course at six, a first despatch might well be sent off at half-past seven. The wires now between eight and half-past nine are overcrowded, so I think a change must come.

I am very glad to see a fairly good acceptance for the Duke of York Stakes, although the race will not be a big medium for speculation, as it is run just before the Cesarewitch. All the talent have fastened on to Troon for the race. I saw the colt run a very respectable fourth for the Prince of Wales's Stakes over the July course, and many good judges then spotted him for a good handicap. The Duke of Portland has His Reverence left in the race, and he should know which is the better at the weights. Red Heart, owned by Mr. Martin Rucker, may run well if fit, and another the sharps have been waiting for is Chin Chin, who gets no penalty for having won at Doncaster. F. Bates generally has a try for the Duke of York Stakes.

A WONDERFUL CONTORTIONIST.

"Better late than never" must be the reflection of the man who discovers yet another novelty at the Earl's Court Exhibition so late in the season. Of course, thousands of visitors have passed the large Indian Mahal, and, satiated by the abundance of good things provided in the



INDIAN YOGA AT THE INDIAN EXHIBITION.

grounds, have been content with a momentary stare. All such people have missed a really good thing, for there is an Indian Yoga among the entertainers in the Mahal worth going many miles to see. He can do more with his limbs than any man I ever saw in any country, and none of his postures are meaningless. He is a Brahmin, one of the old, old sect of Cave Worshippers, whose ancestors were practically intelligent men in times when ours ran wild in woods and stained themselves with woad. His elaborate contortions take the shapes of flowers, fruits, animals, and even buildings, and he is the master of no fewer than eighty-four definite postures, every one of which would be a painful impossibility to any ordinary contortionist. The shapes that his movements take are only intelligible to a practised eye. Through the interpretation of Mr. C. Ardesher, an Indian gentleman who brought all the company to Earl's Court, and understands English, I was able to find out certain facts connected with the Yoga's marvellous work. The training commences with the sixth year of life, and he has been forty years acquiring his present condition of efficiency. His work has a definite religious value, and together with restraint, meditation, nerve control, and trance, leads the happy anchorite to salvation. To say that the Yoga has complete mastery over his limbs does not adequately express his power. He can do things that, apart from their disciplinary value, are perfectly and horribly wonderful, and throughout every creation the expression of his face never alters in the least. Grave, decorous, and sincere, he goes through terrible contortions with no apparent effort, and can remain in any position for an indefinite time. He is recognised even in India as a man of extraordinary power, and is of very high caste.

Nothing so wonderful as his performance has been seen in London within my recollection, and, before the exhibition brings its successful season to a close at the end of October, people interested in the utmost possibilities of human contortion should go to see the Yoga. His efforts are accompanied by the fairly intelligent commentary of an attendant, and Mr. Ardesher is prepared with facts for those who take more than a momentary interest in the strange performance.

The work must not be confounded with what is merely horrible, like the efforts of boneless men and human serpents. There is nothing of the "side show" about the performance of the great Yoga. It is a sudden revelation, a passing glimpse of the achievements of a people who are little more than a name to the average Englishman, for the strange mystery of sacred rites is seldom brought home to the Western world, where fantastic observance is almost forgotten. The surroundings of a huge exhibition, the gaze of unsympathetic eyes, the noise and bustle of rival entertainers, leave the wonderful Brahmin unmoved. His heart and soul are in his work.

GOLGOTHA: A TALE OF RÖNTGEN RAYS.

M. Treway, representative of Lumière, shadowgraphist, conjurer, has a new illusion at the Crystal Palace, which I saw the other day (writes a representative of *The Sketch*). Treway disappeared behind a curtain, and M. Francis, his lieutenant, came forward with some carefully rehearsed and brilliant impromptus to the effect that there is nothing new under the sun. The audience, composed of all that is respectable and myself, listened with cordial approval to the sentiments. They were followed by an appeal for the services of a strong and valiant man, to stand with his back to the black cloth on the miniature stage. Nobody would volunteer, so M. Francis went. He stood still, in the full light of certain concealed lamps, and then—*horribile dictu*!—his head disappeared, and the skull grinned at us impudently. There was a considerable commotion among the audience, and then the skull ceased to grin, and slowly sought its normal and invisible habitation, while the lawful owner stepped off the platform none the worse for the exposure. Then from the little side-room came a nice young thing in ample but flowing draperies of time antique, and her golden hair was hanging down her back. I felt quite glad that I had come. Incognita stood where M. Francis reposed some few minutes before, and then her garments disappeared. Fortunately, all the rest of her, barring bones, followed suit—I mean dress. Talk about Belshazzar's Feast, and death's-heads and writings on the wall, why, they were unplaced in the race for sensation! One moment we regarded a pretty girl, and the following minute bereft her of all but bones and a voice that asked for the rest of her belongings to be restored, because the aforesaid bones felt cold. Treway, still invisible, was about to oblige, when the skeleton melted away, a curtain parted above the place where proscenium should have ended, and there stood the lady apparently complete in every detail. Thereupon the skilful illusionist thanked his kind friends in front, and they departed, leaving their sixpences behind them. Madame Treway bade me take heart when her husband said he would give me a private show, so far as was possible. With this idea he sent down and told the attendant not to pass in any more people; there were by then only some half-dozen dear old ladies with "Propriety" writ large over them. The lieutenant explained to them that this would be a semi-private entertainment for the benefit of some few distinguished journalists. I was the few distinguished journalists! "Will you come on the stage, sir?" continued M. Francis, as though he had never seen me before. I followed him and stood with my back to the black screen, draped to the chin in a sable cloth.

Some lights were turned on me, and I became conscious that for the moment I was a numb skull from the neck upwards. I was conscious that my appearance was creating a small-sized sensation; but I felt no change. I heard Treway ask me if I wanted the rest of my head back, and at once confessed that I had found it useful in the past. The lights were doctored once more, and I stepped down from the platform with as much head as I took up. Then the nice girl I told you about came back and took my place. Those fierce rays devoured her beauties as eagerly as before; again she pleaded to come back to the world, the flesh, and the—audience; once more she smiled down upon us from above.



INDIAN YOGA.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: To-day, 7.12; to-morrow, 7.9; Friday, 7.7; Saturday, 7.5; Sunday, 7.2; Monday, 7.0; Tuesday, 6.57.

The Wanderers Ladies' Cycling Club, Johannesburg, is the name of a wheeling society. It was formed in May, mainly through the exertions



MISS LEAH PRIMROSE BARNATO.
Photo by Warren, Fordsburg.

of Mrs. Rogers and Mr. W. T. Graham, the former being the wife of the popular chairman of the Wanderers Club Committee, and the latter a prominent member of the Wanderers Committee. Some forty ladies joined it at once, and elected Mr. Graham as their chairman, and also a committee of five ladies to carry on the business of the club to the end of the year. The club has grown very rapidly, and now musters some eighty members, nearly all of whom are active cycling members. The ladies have a track of their own in the Wanderers' grounds, and it is intended to hold social afternoons and meet their friends on this track. The great difficulty which attended the club at first starting was the scarcity of ladies' bicycles, only a very few being obtainable, but this difficulty has now been overcome.

A large ball was given by the club in June, which was a great success, and resulted in a profit of over £200, which, with subscriptions from members, gave the club a very good foundation. Cycling has certainly taken a very great hold on the ladies of Johannesburg, and the chairman, who is at present on a visit to this country, says that he expects, on his return, to find the members have increased their number to over one hundred. Mrs. Barnato and Mrs. Rogers are the patronesses of the club, the former being a most active member while residing in Johannesburg. Several cups and other prizes have been given for competition by members of the club, notable among those promised being two twenty-five guinea silver bowls or cups, by Mr. Barnato and

Mr. F. Eckstein, and a handsome bicycle by Mrs. Barnato. The badge of the members is a very pretty one, being gold and enamel, with monogram and motto.

During the last two months many letters have reached me concerning cycles and cycling. Most of the writers solicit advice with regard to buying bicycles, and want "the name of the really best maker." So many cycle manufacturers nowadays turn out thoroughly sound, serviceable, and trustworthy machines, that "the absolutely tip-toppest maker," as one correspondent calls him, would need as much finding as the proverbial needle, and, with the best will in the world to help readers of *The Sketch*, I really cannot answer so tropical a shower of questions and letters by return of post. Some of my correspondents expect me to do so, but the fact that many of the letters extend to eight, ten, and even twelve pages, should speak for itself. In due course, however, every letter and every question shall be answered. Meanwhile, I can advise all would-be purchasers to place themselves unreservedly in the hands of some maker whose name is well known, and the maker will do his utmost to suit the customer. Avoid very recent inventions, which need the test of wear-and-tear and time. Avoid machines of a pattern out of the common. Avoid giving the makers more trouble than is absolutely necessary. In short, avoid "cranks" and "fads," and you will not be dissatisfied with your bicycle.

An amount of interest surprisingly great even for Americans is being displayed in most of the large cities in the United States with regard to the transcontinental bicycle-race against time which, as I write these lines, is being run from the western coast of America to the eastern. The cyclists, who ride in relays, are conveying a packet containing a war-message from General Gordon, at the Presidio in San Francisco, to

Mrs. and Mr. Barnato.



THE JOHANNESBURG WANDERERS.

General Nelson A. Miles, at Governor's Island, New York. But in San Francisco the passion for cycling has reached its zenith. Certainly all readers of *The Sketch* will wish our plucky and emphatically go-ahead cousins every sort of success in this daring and up-to-date exploit.

"I guess everything here has got to go," a native of Chicago said to me last year in reply to my strikingly original remark to the effect that Chicago was a wonderful city. His statement is applicable to most American towns, and now I read in the American newspapers that women of doubtful character who infest New York have likewise "got to go." For, upon the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, Major Ranson Caygill has set on foot, or rather, upon wheels, a Salvation Army Bicycle Brigade which is to purify the drives and parks and streets of New York. It will effect this clearance by cheyving the Riverside Rangers, as these rapid ladies are waggishly called, from post to pillar and pillar to post, until in despair, if not from sheer exhaustion, they abandon their wicked ways, forsake the purlieus of Broadway, Riverside, and Central Park, and settle down in highways and byways "far from the madding crowd," there to eke out a precarious and humdrum existence. Presumably the chase will soon resolve itself into a contest of gear *versus* gearing, for it seems almost too much to ask of the fast, fair cyclist that she should turn from the broad, smooth, sloping road that leadeth to destruction, and strive to creep up the steep, narrow, stony, thorny way which will as assuredly burst her tyres.

Some years ago, when electricity was first utilised as a motive-power for boats, a heated controversy raged in the papers as to what verb was to be used to express the new mode of locomotion, and, if I remember rightly, no satisfactory conclusion was arrived at. "Sailing" and "steaming" were suggested, but declared to be equally inappropriate. With regard to locomotion on wheels, there is not the same difficulty. It is perfectly correct to use the word "ride" whether one is mounted on a horse or upon a bicycle. What we require is some



THE JOHANNESBURG WANDERERS.

short and simple word to express the iron steed. The old name "velocipede" besides being quite out of date, is far too cumbersome; "bicycle" is too long, and the diminutive "bike" sounds vulgar and Cockneyish. "Machine," the noun in common use, is unsatisfactory, being applicable apparently to a piece of mechanism of any sort. In Scotland a "machine"—accent on the first syllable—is a word commonly applied to a carriage of any description. Can nobody suggest a short, simple, yet euphonious word that can be applied to a bicycle, and to a bicycle only? I am told that the latest French term is *bécane*. It is partly satisfactory; but an Englishman does not like using two syllables where one will do. The origin of the French word is amusing. It is said that a high official on one of the French railways, suffering from a bad cold, pronounced *mécanicien* as *bécancien*. This tickled the fancy of the engineers, who began to speak of themselves as *bécanciens* and of their engines as *bécanes*. When cycling became the rage in France, the railway slang term was soon adopted, and now *bécane* is a word in common use, though not yet to be found in the dictionary.

Cyclists touring in the neighbourhood of Eton should run over to Stoke Poges, the little village near Slough which was once the home of Gray, who wrote the much-quoted "Elegy" in Stoke churchyard. For there, in the window of Stoke Poges Church, may be seen the only cyclist ever semi-canonised by figuring in a stained-glass window in a sacred building. One may wonder how he got there; one may feel that perhaps the "machine" is rather of the "hobby-horse" than the Dunlop



STAINED-GLASS WINDOW IN STOKE POGES CHURCH.

pneumatic school. But the fact remains that the nude figure astride the wheel, blowing a coach-horn, and with one foot pedalling, may, without undue stretching of terms, be called a cyclist. Stoke Church is a very old building, and many years ago some stained glass from an old mansion near by was utilised for its adornment, and it may be that the original purpose of this particular painted window was purely secular. The decoration is evidently allegorical, conventional, and heraldic, and scarcely, one would think, ecclesiastical. But, be that as it may, there is the cyclist, and, no doubt, many devotees of the wheel will like to pay a visit to the quaint old church and witness the apotheosis of their forerunner of probably a couple of centuries or more ago.

I hear that the weather has been very bad at Homburg, though lately it has somewhat improved and the sun has shown his face again. People are beginning to leave, though many yet remain. Everyone there cycles. Lady Griffin, who is quite lovely, looks very graceful on her machine, and the same may be said of the Misses Foster-Barham and of the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Most of the American ladies staying there look exceedingly smart and pretty on their bicycles—and off. By-the-bye, I saw a girl riding through the streets with a dachshund in a basket hung on the front of her machine.

The modern definition of a pedestrian: "A person who cannot afford to buy a bicycle."

The heaviest wheelwoman yet discovered is Mrs. Hamel, once of Paterson, New Jersey, now of San Francisco. She is not a millionairess, but just helps her small husband to sell collars, cuffs, suspenders, and "notions." She weighs nineteen stone, and her wheel (specially constructed for her at Syracuse, New York) fifty pounds. When this lady takes her spins abroad she makes an impression on the asphalt equivalent to one-third of a ton. Though not absolutely lovely to look upon, she is a good one to go, and can give the Venus de Milo eighteen inches in her waist measure and win hands down.

"PROS" AND THEIR PRICES.

Everybody in *le monde où l'on s'amuse* knows Ted D. Marks, the International amusement manager. Do you want a step-dancer from the North Pole, a wire-walker from Kamschatka, a comedian from New Guinea, or a Spanish dancer from Peru, you go to Ted Marks. If you wish to take an opera company through America, or "star" a music-hall phenomenon throughout the wide expanse of civilisation, you go to the same man. He is in town just at present booking talent for New York, and he recently made some startling statements about the prices being paid to English or Continental star-artists to travel "across the drink." I asked him if he had the courage of his opinions, and would talk through the medium of the printer. To my surprise, he did not hesitate for a moment.

"Here's the case in a nutshell," he said. "Oscar Hammerstein, who owns the New York Olympia, the combination theatre, music-hall, concert-hall, and roof-garden that is the largest in the world, and Koster and Bial, owners of the best-known house in New York, are running against each other, forcing up prices to an inconceivable extent, and won't rest for a moment until one goes smash and the other is crippled."

"Why does this affect English and French performers?" I asked.

"Because we worship novelty," replied "T. D. M."; "perhaps because we've more money than sense. Take the ordinary performer, earning twenty pounds a-week by appearing at three halls each night. He works hard for his money, no doubt. But suppose I go to him and offer him an engagement at a New York house, his price goes up at once to sixty pounds a-week, and he takes a first-class ticket to America as well. With the big performers things are worse. There's Mdlle. X. She got twenty pounds a-week in Paris, came to London and received sixty, and then I was instructed to engage her, and she takes two hundred pounds a-week for her New York trip, ten times as much as she makes on unexpired contracts running in Paris. She is not a genius, but merely a clever woman who has attracted some attention. Americans wish to see her, and the successful manager must, consequently, pay more than a fair market-price in order to beat his rival out of the field."

"Don't forget," I suggested, "that some English performers earn £5000 a-year in England. Naturally they expect to get a good sum abroad."

"How do they earn it?" answered the agent. "They work three, sometimes four, halls in a night, and get between twenty and thirty a-week from each. No single house would pay them the salary they draw from four, though, of course, provincial and exclusive town engagements are made more on those lines. The absurdity lies in a professional asking from one house in America three times as much as is obtained from three houses in London. Such terms are undermining the American music-halls, swelling the heads of the profession, and leading to the establishment of prices out of all proportion to the merit of the performance or the capacity of the house."

"There is no *quid pro quo* in the payment of American performers in England, I suppose?"

Mr. Marks burst out laughing. "No suspicion of one," he said; "and that leads to the monotonous character of variety turns. In a few years every big house in London will send a representative to New York, as it does to-day to Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. Then you will find we have excellent speciality turns. At present the American has no temptation to come across. America engages English turns on hearsay; England only engages American ones on sight. You guess, the good American won't come over at his own risk, pay all his expenses, and appear one night at a hall labelled 'Extra turn.' Even if he makes a big success, there may be no vacancy in the programme for weeks, and he must wait, doing nothing. No wonder he doesn't think it good enough. It is very, very rarely that an English house gives an American turn an engagement before arrival. Now, we have artists whose work is distinctly novel and would shine in programmes where out of twenty-four turns about eighteen are serious and comedians."

"Is there anything in the quality of the English performance more soothing to the American ear than its native talent?" I asked rather maliciously, and the agent caught the meaning of my remark at once.

"Understand," he said firmly, "the stuff that one section of a second-rate music-hall audience finds palatable in London would send American ladies out of their seats. Often and often I've told performers to cut out gag and song verses that are tolerated in London. Between six and seven hundred turns have passed through my hands, so I ought to know. Ladies patronise American halls, and their feelings have to be respected. The humour of the London comedian is peculiar to your Metropolis."

"What is the object of your general argument?" I said.

"Just to make English people understand that the phenomenal prices being paid are more than we can afford. They are a speculation; one house trying to crush another by sheer force of expenditure. The people don't draw the money we pay them. Theirs is a success of boom. We advertise them weeks beforehand; say all sorts of things about them. People come to see them out of curiosity, and very seldom apply the critical acumen they bring to bear on native performances."

"Has nobody been worth extravagant prices?" I asked.

"Yvette Guilbert is the one exception," Mr. Marks said. "Her drawing powers have astonished me. With her you can do anything, and any money you lay out you get back. Apart from her, this general rule of extravagance is due to the immature state of music-halls in America. Things have not found their level, and they won't do so until one or two bad smashes have taught speculators sense. In the States we are very young and new to the work, although we are leading the way in several directions."

S. L. B.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROM HEAD TO HEEL.

After being all that is adorable, charming, becoming, and recklessly extravagant for the past three or four seasons, fashion is now trending capriciously backwards, and the small sleeve, the "Princess"-shaped dress—both alike requiring the figure of a Juno—and, lastly, the graceless double skirt, all appear as provoking symptoms of the goddess's



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AS WE SHALL BE THIS WINTER.

present petulant temper. Of course, we cannot hope to retain the plain-shaped skirt and wide sleeve indefinitely, for, like the Athenians, we are committed infallibly to changes, even if they be for the worse. But that the dressmakers should ruthlessly condemn us to several difficult and highly undecorative styles at once is distinctly deplorable. And when I reflect on the extremely "unassisting" mode of a sleeveless evening-frock, the severe outlines of a "Princess" robe, and the bundled-up and blowsy method of double-skirted gowns, I am moved to lamentation. Indeed, some preliminary canters of these latest fashions, to which several modish acquaintances have already committed themselves, have by no means captured my fancy, however willing; but, none the less, I have no doubt we shall all wear them, and make the further error of imagining ourselves charming therein, if the mode-makers so will it. As a matter of these melancholy facts, Paris is already girding herself for the winter campaign of new clothes, and in that source and first beginning of inspired ideas the general tendency lies in the direction of less simple and less stiffly set-out skirts. Sleeves, I greatly grieve to record, collapse daily on all self-respecting shoulders, and the aforesaid shapely clinging Princess gown, much adorned with small flounces, crenulations, and ornamental banded embroideries variously, walks and drives triumphantly abroad. Cloths of light texture, such as India and Thibet cashmeres, are marked out for a special recognition this autumn, and to all other efflorescence of adornment narrow borders of various costly furs are being added. So much for leading characteristics, as the parliamentary speakers have it; and now for an example of the newest manner in ball-gowns, here illustrated, which has just been brought over by a friend who, in returning from the Black Forest, made the usual halt in dear, frivolous Paris for the greater benefit of a winter wardrobe. And though unalterably devoted to sleeves, I am bound to admit this method looks seductive, always given that white, rounded arm of the poet, which all women should own, but most women don't. The material of this gown is a thick white moiré, brocaded with great chrysanthemums in white satin. Three godets only appear at back of skirt, which is tight-fitting in front and over the hips. A rich hand-embroidery of silver sequins and strass trims the edge of apron, and follows the curves of the floral pattern. A low-necked bodice, cut in the cuirass shape, is rounded at waist, and richly embroidered to match skirt. Bouillonnées of white mousseline de soie show at the top of bodice, which, cut into points, has a very novel

and *chic* effect. Tufts of white velvet orchids are admixed with satin bows and rosettes of the mousseline, which most successfully elaborate the shoulders, a tall black aigrette in the hair giving that clever finish with which a Frenchwoman so well understands how to enhance her altogether. The second sketch shows a new outdoor gown which, hailing in the first place from Paris, appeared with extreme success at the St. Leger, gracing the auspicious occasion of his Royal Highness's second classic victory. A very deep shade of powder-blue lainage forms the skirt, which is trimmed with rows of black velvet in graduated sizes, forming hoops which start about half-way down. The bodice, joined to the skirt, being another revived old fashion, is gathered at waist, and slightly blouse-shape in front, but tight at back. Down the front two wide pleats are each trimmed with six rows of narrow black velvet, frogged from neck to waist in a pretty pattern, while fancy buttons of light-blue and gold enamel emphasise the smart effect of this uncommon style. A chemisette of cream mousseline trimmed with lace shows prettily where the corsage opens in front, and a neck-trimming of black ribbon-velvet is relieved in a most becoming manner by gathered frills of écreu lace. The waistband is of black ribbon-velvet to match, four tiny rows of a narrower width doing duty on the sleeves, which are tight at wrists and end in lace cuffs. With this really well-considered dress a little capote of black Brussels net was worn covered with frillings of blue net. On the left a jaunty bow of light-blue ribbon sat up to support a bunch of black ostrich feathers and tall white aigrette, while patent brogued shoes of inexpressible daintiness were worn over openwork silk stockings of dark blue.

By the mention of dainty bottines I am reminded of the great forthcoming sale at the London Shoe Company's new premises, 123 and 125, Queen Victoria Street. These rooms are certainly worth a notable inauguration. My first frivolous feeling on entering them was, "What a ball-room these would make!" Magnificently proportioned, lofty and spacious, lined from roof to basement with tens of thousands of every shape, size, and sort of foot-covering, one thinks the millennium of the bootmaker must surely have arrived with this great edifice. The place itself is well worth a visit Citywards to all and sundry, not to mention the tempting terms of the sale, which begins on Sept. 21 and lasts for four days, to the 24th inclusive, during which time every



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A FROCK SEEN AT THE RACES.

species of boot and shoe will be sold at a fifth off its usual price. It is unnecessary to enlarge on the *chic* and shape of this company's manufactures, as all who visit their Bond Street shop are aware that good style and low price have never met on such friendly terms elsewhere. Riding-boots, cycling-shoes, gaiters, walking-, hunting-, dancing-, shooting-boots and shoes—all sorts and varieties of the genus are, in fact, to be had at absurdly low prices, and of excellent quality and shape. And, in fact, if English women be at last

reckoned among the properly shod nations, I cannot say how much the London Shoe Company will have had to do with this much-needed regeneration. More than a little, I am well advised. News of special interest to the dancing contingent, also, is that during this forthcoming sale thousands of daintily shaped satin shoes, quite new and unsoiled, will be given at one shilling the pair, instead of their usual equivalent, 4s. 11d. It may be also well to remark, bearing in mind the strain and stress and crush of last year's sale at the London Shoe Company's place in Bond Street, that no repetition of these agitated proceedings would be possible in the Queen Victoria Street premises, their great swing-doors opening directly into the wide "marble halls" aforesaid.

A last few stragglers of the water-drinking people left Homburg this week, which shows even an unusually protracted season in that unique resort of the liver brigade. I think the device of "Au revoir" at the Prince's last dinner-party an exceedingly pretty one. The motto was carried out in La France roses, tied with knots of pale-blue satin. Among the guests were Duke George of Leuchtenberg, Lord and Lady Cork, General Stanley Clarke, and Sir George Lewis. Mine host, in the person of Carl Ritter, at whose hotel the Prince now invariably stays, is deservedly famous for his dinners. With all the ultra-smart, but therefore necessarily circumscribed, number who dine with each other on his famous verandah during the season, a menu or a table-decoration is never repeated, which, no doubt, in great part accounts for the popularity of his snug little hostel.

The subject of hotels naturally brings me to cooking, and from thence, by easy transition, to the kitchen, where "Deecee" flour now seems to have become the crux of the pastry-making moment, and by its use to have removed all difficulty in the delicate art of pie-crust, tea-cakes, and such other airy, fairy, toothsome trifles with whose successful manipulation the cook of most British households has long ineffectually struggled. With "Deecee" flour all such one-sided encounters must, I am told, for ever cease, such ingredients as salt or sugar or baking-powders being unnecessary, as this "automatic" flour is supplied with the wherewithal of all pastry, and merely requires ordinary care in mixing to produce the most appetising results.

SYBIL.

GOLF-GOWNS AT THE GARRICK.

If lady golfers were in the habit of wearing such piquant and striking golf-gowns as those with which last night's production of "Lord Tom Noddy" has filled the Garrick stage, the golf-links would, I fancy, be crowded by enthusiastic or envious onlookers, the former, I need hardly say, masculine, and the latter feminine.

Imagine, for instance, what interest would be taken in the strokes of a fair player whose charms were set off by a skirt of black-and-white striped silk, the white stripes lined with black, and the black with white, while a binding of black leather leaves off in time to disclose a pair of smart high boots. Furthermore, a double panel occupies the right side—red silk elaborately braided in white over plain white silk—and the coat-bodice, too, is of the brilliant scarlet silk, its sleeves and quaint rounded revers braided in white; while it is turned back with white silk, fastened with silver buttons, from a vest of black silk drawn into a leather belt, and softened with a lace cravat, the whole costume being completed by a Tam-o'-Shanter caught down coquettishly at one side by a long quill. Look at its portrait on this page, and you can imagine that the effect is striking, and yet this is only one out of about thirty golf-gowns which are worn in the first act; for "Lord Tom Noddy" has to be added to the already lengthy list of pieces where a show of smart gowns is one of the special attractions.

And once more it is the famous Alias (who dressed "The Gay Parisienne," and, to a great extent, "The Little Genius" also) who is responsible for one and all of the Garrick gowns.

In the majority of the golf-costumes scarlet and black are the distinctive and predominating colours of the bodices, but an infinite variety of styles are displayed, and the skirt-fabrics provide well-contrasted hues. For instance, a pale-blue and tan plaid skirt, bound with tan leather, has a short Eton bodice of red silk, the fronts finished with tabs of white silk, each one provided with a jet button, while the sleeves are decorated in the same way, and a black silk vest comes as a relief to this brilliant colouring. Again, a check skirt, where white, black, golden-brown, pink, and grey all play a part, is crowned by a coat-bodice of red silk, full of basque at the back, but cut up in front to display a Directoire waistcoat of white silk with jet buttons. Revers and collar of the checked material add to the effect, and a puffing of black satin springs out from the shoulders of the tight red sleeves.

One of the prettiest dresses is of tan cloth, with a line check in black, and a square bolero of red cloth, outlined with little straps and bows of black silk ribbon, while a skirt of brown and biscuit-coloured cloth has five long bows of black ribbon-velvet up the left side, and a scarlet coat-bodice over an under-bodice in white silk, both adorned with flat gold buttons, and outlined with black cord, the vest being of black silk. Another scarlet coat has a bolero effect produced by curved lines of white braiding, and opens over a vest of black accordion-pleated silk, the skirt being of pale-grey mixture; and still another grey skirt is fastened, apparently, up the left side by many tabs of tan leather. Here the bolero-bodice of red silk is turned back with white satin edged with black braid, and beneath it a drapery of the red is drawn over a tight vest of black satin and outlined narrowly with black and gold braid.

Nor should you miss a sight of a gown of woollen mohair in alternate stripes of grey and fawn, the grey just tinged with silver. The coat-bodice

of the brilliant scarlet silk has revers elaborately braided in white, and continued into a deep corselet which narrows as it nears the back, and then, beneath a trim leather belt, comes a little basque of biscuit-coloured silk, matching the sleeves, which are guarded by scarlet epaulettes.

In effective contrast to this blaze of colour, there are half-a-dozen other dresses where a deep, bright blue is the predominating colour. The skirts are of blue woollen canvas with a plaid design in black and white, and tan leather as a border, while tabs of leather encircle the hips. The coat-bodices are of velvet in the same rich colour, and fasten across vests of pale-blue silk with lines of velvet, while a tiny white cravat finishes the neck, and a big sailor-collar of velvet is outlined by an appliqué of the silk.

There is, moreover, a gracefully draped bolero of tussore silk and coarse guipure, and both silk and lace are introduced again into the cuffs of sleeves, which, at the shoulders, are slashed open to show the paler blue of the silk beneath, and outlined narrowly with white fur. The Tam-o'-Shanters are of pale-blue cloth, with long black and white quills at the right side, and a bordering twist of the plaid.

So much for the golfers; and then we have handsome Miss Gladys Ffolliott, in soft grey cloth, with a scroll design in white and a pleated



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ONE OF THE GOLF-GOWNS.

panel of powder-blue cloth at the right side of the skirt. The coat-bodice, too, is of this latter cloth, and it is cut open to show a vest of shot yellow chiné silk, striped with white and strewn with pale pinkish-mauve flowers. There is a big cravat-bow of white lace, spreading out between huge revers of white silk; and the sleeves are of grey cloth, with a raised design in white.

Miss Kate James, on the other hand, is provided with a skirt of salmon-pink silk appliqué with embroidered circles of terra-cotta silk, while up the front trails a great spray of giant ivy-leaves embroidered in glittering green and gold. The terra-cotta is repeated in the short-basqued velvet coat, with its vest and cravat of white chiffon and lace, and revers of the pink silk embroidered with black and gold and studded with pearls, while they are caught together by a bow of pale-yellow chiné silk and a cluster of poppies. Add a square collar of handsome lace, elbow-sleeves draped across the shoulder with a puff of silk, and a hat of fine yellow straw, the brim bound with deep-red velvet, and a wealth of red poppies rising from a foam of green tulle, and you have, I think, a sufficiently striking picture.

In the midst of all this splendour there is one demure little figure in a nurse's gown of pale-blue linen, with immaculate linen cuffs and collar, a blue cloth cloak lined with white, and a little blue bonnet with a long gauze veil and white strings. And it is in this guise that pretty Mabel Love comes back to us; but that demure silk has hidden possibilities which lend themselves with infinite grace to her dancing movements; and afterwards she has another gown, equally simple in style, but this time in soft grey-blue silk.

As to the evening-gowns, their name is legion, and their variety so fascinating that they deserve an article all to themselves; and they shall be duly introduced to you next week.

FLORENCE.

CITY NOTES.

THE BANK RATE.

The increase of the Bank Rate to 2½ per cent., with the prospect of its being further increased to 3 per cent. at an early date, caused quite unaccountable consternation on the Stock Exchange. How, in the name of common sense, it should have done so we fail to understand. It seems to us to be the healthiest sign of returning prosperity that we have seen for a long time; and, instead of regarding it as a "bear" point, we should have read it the other way. Of course, it pointed to a decline in the market value of the first-class securities which have been so greedily absorbed by banks and financial houses, who found it paid them better to temporarily sink their money in this way than to worry themselves about getting ¼ or ⅓ on short loans or day-to-day money.

But it pleased the market to put the fall in Consols down to the fright lest there should be a European war in consequence of the little pleasantries of the Sultan of Turkey and his advisers. They forgot that before the Bank Rate was reduced to 2 per cent., at the beginning of 1894, it was regarded as phenomenal that 2½ per cent. Consols, which will only bear 2½ per cent. from 1903, should stand at par. Now we have arrived at the absurd situation that fright is taken when the price falls below 112. It is impossible to guess what developments may occur before these lines appear in print; but at the time of writing it appears to the onlooker as if the Turkish bogey had been used as an excuse to serve the purposes of "bear" operators. The "bear" account, to our knowledge, was this week of huge extent. Some people are predicting that the "bears" will have a bad time of it when it is seen that there is nothing to be alarmed about financially as regards Turkish concerns; but that remains to be seen. The growing dearness of money has nothing to do with the political difficulties in Turkey, and, apart from the "bear" sales, there are vast quantities of actual holdings of Consols ready to be thrown on the market on the slightest sign of a permanent fall in market-value.

NEW ZEALAND MINING.

The great mineral wealth of this Colony has now been pretty well established, and during the present year the British public have shown their confidence in the resources of the country by subscribing a considerable amount of capital for the purpose of developing its gold-mines. The total production of gold and silver for the year 1885 was 378,515 oz., representing a value of £1,172,843, being an increase of £894,536 as compared with 1884. Although this is a fairly substantial increase, it will sink into insignificance when a comparison is ready to be made with the present year. The introduction of the cyanide process has revolutionised the mining in certain districts, and has enabled companies to make substantial profits from ore which previously they were unable to treat. In the Hauraki Goldfields the cyanide process is very extensively used, and no less than 71 per cent. of the total production of the gold and bullion of those goldfields was extracted through the agency of that process. The annual statement of the Minister of Mines submitted to the New Zealand Parliament on July 28 is particularly interesting in view of the recent developments. He deals very exhaustively with the various districts, and concludes his report by declaring that there has been no time in the history of the Colony when so much attention has been given to mining. Parliament, he says, will be asked this year to make provision for a much larger appropriation than hitherto, in order to meet the growing requirements, and the large introduction of capital will have the effect of mining being carried on more as a commercial transaction. So far, so good; but investors will be chary of New Zealand ventures while there remain in abeyance such matters as the banking legislation of the last year or two, the New Zealand Midland Railway confiscation, and the New Plymouth Harbour matter, which has been taken in hand by the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders. It is high time that New Zealand should extricate itself from the reproach of emulating in its financial methods those of our old friends the South American republics.

REFORMS IN THE TRANSVAAL.

The Transvaal Government is evidently becoming alive to the desirability of granting better facilities for the development of its mining industries. It appears that it has sanctioned a scheme for providing the Rand with a comprehensive system of electric tramways, for the purpose of connecting Johannesburg with some of the populous suburbs along the Main Reef. A big scheme of road-construction has also been taken in hand, which will considerably facilitate the transport of coal, machinery, and produce to and from the mines. This step on the part of the Government will doubtless be much appreciated by the Uitlanders, showing as it does that a more conciliatory spirit is now being evinced by the Volksraad. As this feeling strengthens it may possibly lead, in the long run, to the redress of other of the grievances under which the Uitlanders have been suffering.

CONSOLIDATED GOLD MINES OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

The directors of this company have issued an exhaustive report dealing with the various properties which are in course of development. It appears that the company has substantial interests in nearly every district in North-West Australia, and the policy of the board from the first has been to develop their properties up to a certain point before incurring the expense of erecting machinery. The directors are now able to report that several of their properties have arrived at the necessary stage of development, and that the erection of machinery on these properties is being proceeded with as quickly as possible. Some very

satisfactory results of trial crushings have come to hand, and, although not of a phenomenal character, they indicate that the reefs are highly auriferous. A further report will be issued shortly, giving full details of a tour of inspection of all the company's properties, which has just been made by two representatives sent for that purpose.

RAILWAY STATION INDICATOR.

At the first ordinary general meeting of this company, held last week, the chairman was able to furnish some very interesting figures relating to this somewhat novel undertaking. It seems that the company have fitted up seven trains with their indicators, and have orders in hand for forty-two more. On each of the seven trains fitted up they have somewhere about 3000 advertisements, and when the other forty-two trains are ready they expect to have some 125,000 more. From the extensive nature of this advertising system, it is apparent that the station indicator is quite a secondary consideration, and comes in quite incidentally, passengers having to sort the name out for themselves among a large quantity of advertisements. As an advertising medium the company may succeed; but we fear it will not be equally useful to travellers in indicating the next place the train stops at. It will be more likely to confuse them. The work is one which the railway companies themselves ought to take on for the benefit of their passengers, and not as an adjunct to advertisements, which are already a quite sufficient cause of confusion to the traveller, who prefers to know where he is than which is the best soap to use, the most pungent mustard, or the most effective pills.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF AUSTRALIA.

The Chief Justice in the Supreme Court of Victoria, when giving his sanction to the scheme of arrangement of this bank on July 31, spoke very hopefully of its future prospects. From the facts placed before him, it appeared, he said, that the bank was in a healthy condition to do business, in the sense that it was by no means an institution which was hopelessly insolvent, and was endeavouring to merely postpone the evil day. It also appeared from its balance-sheet, which was verified, that it had done what would have been, in ordinary circumstances, a very healthy business, having regard to the still very sensitive and timorous disposition of all persons engaged in commerce and other enterprise for the last few years. In some further remarks, the Chief Justice said that he saw nothing in the scheme which would be likely in any way to do injury or injustice to any class of creditors, and that it appeared on the face of it to be more in their interest to accept the scheme than run the risk of a liquidation.

BANK OF NEW ZEALAND.

A cablegram from a correspondent of the *Times* in Melbourne states that Mr. McCarthy, a director of the Bank of New Zealand, in giving evidence before the committee of inquiry into the affairs of the bank, said that he thought that with careful management in future the Colony would not lose by the bank. If this announcement was cabled over with the object of reassuring creditors of the bank on this side, we are afraid that it will not have the desired effect. If the evidence in question had been the result of an independent investigation into the affairs of the bank, it might have been expected to carry some weight; but seeing that on the face of the message it is merely an *ex parte* statement by a director of the institution itself, the information conveyed in the cable does not mean much to those interested in this country. It may also be noted that Mr. McCarthy is careful to qualify his opinion that the Colony would not lose by the bank, by the very important proviso that this was conditional on its being carefully managed in the future. On this reservation the whole position hinges, and, unfortunately, too many object-lessons of New Zealand banking proclivities have been presented of late to reassure British creditors in the methods adopted in that Colony.

RAND RESULTS.

The Kaffir crushings to hand for the month of August are, upon the whole, satisfactory. There are some fairly substantial increases as compared with the month of July, while the decreases are, with the exception of one or two cases, insignificant. The following comparative statement will serve to show the increases and decreases of some of the more important companies—

	Total yield for July. oz.	Total yield for August. oz.	Increase (+) or Decrease (—). oz.
Block "B"	3,075	3,278	+ 203
Crown Reef	11,011	11,867	+ 856
Durham Roodepoort	5,704	5,740	+ 36
Eastleigh	1,734	2,250	+ 516
Ferreira	13,601	13,600	— 1
Geldenhuis Estate	7,319	6,368	— 951
Geldenhuis Deep	5,180	5,210	+ 30
George Goch	3,708	3,831	+ 123
Glencairn	3,786	3,389	— 397
Henry Nourse	6,904	6,784	— 120
Jumpers	4,960	4,854	— 106
Langlaagte Estate	9,253	10,199	+ 946
May Consolidated	4,741	5,508	+ 767
Meyer and Charlton	4,249	4,549	+ 300
New Comet	2,488	3,042	+ 554
New Cresus	2,577	2,633	+ 56
New Heriot	5,960	6,024	+ 64
New Primrose	10,599	10,161	— 438
Roodepoort Deep	1,881	2,362	+ 481
Sheba	8,100	8,001	— 99
United Roodepoort	4,067	4,147	+ 80
Weimner	4,270	5,511	+ 1241

"KENT COALFIELDS."

The attempts being made by circulars and otherwise to induce people who do not know the difference between a colliery and a "stone-pit" to put money into the so-called "Kent Coalfields," do not deserve either encouragement or success. In our judgment the company has not the faintest chance of success. We do not believe there is a single man on the board of the concern who has any practical acquaintance with the working of collieries, and the seams they propose to work are at a great depth, and are very thin, while the coal trade is in such a deplorable condition that big established collieries working good thick seams are compelled to shut down and let in the water, thus throwing away the thousands and thousands of pounds spent on the workings. The Board of Trade returns for last month show the deplorable falling off in the exports of coal even since this time last year. This precious enterprise is the outcome of Sir Edward Watkin's crazy project for tunnelling under the English Channel. If the promoters like to sink their own money in these precious pits, by all means let them do so; but we protest against attempts to waste the savings of the poor in this chimerical enterprise.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAYS.

No little surprise is manifested at the persistent buoyancy of these railways, particularly the District, at the very time that other Home Rails, having gone up like a rocket, are coming down like the proverbial stick.

All sorts of rumours are put about to account for the phenomenal rise. Districts, that were round about 25 only a few weeks ago, are now round about 30. Even yesterday they rose $2\frac{1}{2}$, though they have lost 1 of it to-day. People are beginning to say that the persistent weekly decreases in the traffic returns have been arranged to assist the inner ring "to load up at bottom," but that we do not believe.

The favourite rumour is "electric traction," though the people who circulate it know absolutely nothing about the subject.

The real solid fact is that, in the face of the resolute manner in which the Central London Railway is being pushed on, the two existing "underground" railways are beginning to seriously reconsider the wisdom of continuing to quarrel like two rats in a sewer. The negotiations are kept as secret as possible, for "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," but some who ought to know think the negotiations really will end in an amalgamation.

Those with eyes to see have been speculating on the event for many months on the alleged ground that each company has been trying to improve its accounts by saving every possible sixpence out of current repairs and renewals. The permanent way must, of course, be kept in repair, because the traffic is so heavy, but the railway stations have certainly got to look awfully shabby during the last few months. In fact, few of them keep out the rain. At South Kensington the iron girders are scaling away for want of painting.

SOME MINES.

The Lady Shenton crushing of the 5th inst. was satisfactory, running to over 4 oz. to the ton—237 tons producing 954 oz. Altogether this mine has crushed 552 tons for 2056 oz., an average of more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz. to the ton. This goes some way to support those who pin their faith on the Menzies Goldfield, and as the Lady Shenton Reef runs right through the property of the Menzies Golden Age Company, it looks as if the shares of the latter are very cheap at their present price of about 50 per cent. discount. The difficulty at the Golden Age is, of course, water. If they should strike a good supply of water any day the shares would quickly jump to par, as the ore is good. A trial crushing of 55 tons went about 8 oz. to the ton. According to the manager's latest reports, he was raising stone that will go $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz. to the ton all round, and the water-shaft appears to be approaching water-level, as the rock is getting damp.

We hear that Hannan's Brownhill have spent all their working capital and will have to be reconstructed. The mine is good, but the machinery is no use at all.

We have received a copy of a little work entitled "Cost Book Advertising," published by J. T. Segrue, Limited. The object of the work is to deal with the footing on which the advertiser should stand in relation to his agent, and it gives a great deal of useful information on the various questions connected with advertising generally.

We have received the second edition of Dr. Aubrey's "Stock Exchange Investments," and are glad to see that the first edition of three thousand copies issued in May has already been sold out. This is essentially a philosophical book, intended more for the instruction of the general public than for the guidance of the professional financier. It is easy reading, being pleasantly written and admirably printed and got up. At the same time, it is thoroughly practical in all its details, and so far as we have been able to ascertain, it is accurate. We thoroughly agree with the introductory statement that "every year an increasing number of persons take a deep interest in the fluctuations of the Money Market. Probably no portion of the newspaper is perused with more attention and interest than the columns devoted to this subject." Perhaps "'tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true," as Polonius said; but of the fact there is no doubt. The appendices of the book are particularly well done and clearly printed. It would be better if they were larger.

NEW ISSUES.

The following issues have come under our notice this week—

North Star Gold-Mines, Limited.—To be avoided.

Chinese Imperial Government Five per Cent. Gold Loan of 1896.—Balance of the £16,000,000 loan of which £10,000,000 was issued last March, and is now

quoted above par, so the issue price of 99 (or $\frac{1}{2}$ above the issue price of the last lot) seems moderate, but the security is only—Chinese.

The Leeds Fireclay Company, Limited.—An unloading of Vendor's Shares.

Lavington Evans and Co., Limited.—To be avoided.

The Dumont Coffee Company, Limited.—This further huge flotation by the prolific Buchanan Group should be avoided. Purchase money £1,200,000, payable as to two-thirds in cash!

Saturday, Sept. 12, 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor," The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SCEPTIC.—We have received a communication from the Detective Department of the Liverpool Constabulary informing us that the person who occupied, from December 1895 to May 1896, the address from which was dated the circular you sent us, allowed the person sending the circular to have his letters sent there, but that "no information of his present whereabouts can be ascertained." Further comment is needless.

HONOR.—The result of our inquiries in America in regard to the firm you mention was, in our opinion, not at all satisfactory, and we advise you to have nothing to do with them.

UNITY.—We do not consider the shares which you mention a safe investment. If you can get a purchaser, we advise you to sell. We do not think the shares were well taken up by the public.

SESTU.—The differences with the 4½ per cent. Debenture-holders have now been arranged, and the new 4 per cent. Debentures are quoted at about 2 premium on the issue price. The prefs. are quoted at about par, but there is little or no market. The concern is considered a good one, and, subject to our general observations in last week's Sketch about brewery investments generally, your money is not badly placed in either the debentures or prefs.

GILT-EDGE MINES.—All the companies mentioned in your list are among the best in the Kaffir Circus, and their respective merits are not unfairly reflected in their market-prices, though they are all dear. We should, however, be inclined to select Nos. 3, 4, and 5, or Nos. 4, 5, and 6. No. 7 is also good.

TRANSVAAL.—The company comes from rather a "shy" lot. It has plenty of property, and has floated a subsidiary company, which is somehow kept at a premium; but we doubt—

NAVILLUS.—We advise you not to hold.

ALBERT.—We consider Aladdin's Lamp a highly respectable and prosperous mine. It has already paid in dividends £1 3s. 6d. on each £1 share, and another 2s. is payable on the 25th instant. These amount to £127,500, but the mine must return about £275,000 more (or say £2 15s. per share) before purchasers at present market prices will make any profit. The company has, we believe, thirty acres, on which it has been working for four years. A mine of thirty acres cannot last for ever. The question is, to what extent are these particular thirty acres worked out? We cannot answer the question at present, but we know very well a gentleman—now away on his holiday—who probably can answer it. Repeat your question next month.

BRINSMEAD.—Yes; we have read the circulars. Like the author, they are charmingly audacious, but, in this case, we hardly think even his "L'audace, l'audace, toujours l'audace," will serve. At the same time, why employ the same solicitor? There are others as competent who know all the facts.

GREENHORN.—(1, 2, 3) No good. (4, 5) Fair speculations. (6) No market at present; dubious concern. (7) Good. (8, 9) No good. (10) Uncertain concern. (11) Best left alone. (12) No good.

EMORA.—At an early date we shall be publishing a letter from our West Australian correspondent, which deals with the Joker Mine. Why not write to the Financial Editor of the Sunday Chronicle for his authority, or to the secretary of the company? If they really have a "reef" fifty feet wide, and running seven ounces to the ton, they do not seem to have shown it to our correspondent. Perhaps they include in the so-called "reef" the whole formation.

T. C.—(1) The Broken Hill Proprietary is supposed to have nearly exhausted its oxides—that is, ores which, from exposure to the oxygen of the atmosphere, are, as it were, decayed, and easy to treat. Its future prosperity depends on its success in dealing with its enormous deposits of sulphides. Consequently, its future is speculative. (2, 3, 4) Three good banks, as Australian banks go, especially 3 and 4. For those who do not mind liability they are good securities. (5) Don't touch them. The market is in the hands of dangerously clever people.

EXPLORER.—The broker you name is not personally known to us, but he is reputed to be respectable. We cannot express any opinion as to whether his advice would or would not be disinterested—after all, he is only a man! We have so many times expressed our opinion that Burbank's Birthday Gift is a good mine that it ought not to be necessary to repeat it. Why did you not buy the shares when we recommended them at par? It is one thing to go into even a good mine at par, and another at 175 per cent. premium. We do not favour a purchase of shares in the syndicate you name.

H. M.—Our correspondence has now got so heavy that we have not sufficient space in this column to adequately answer a correspondent who wants our opinion on thirty-six separate investments, and would like us, in addition, to furnish a rival list of our own. We could answer you better by a private letter. All the securities you mention are speculations—not investments. The following are, we think, rather good speculations: 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 13, 16, 22. As regards 30 and 31 see our last week's "City Notes."

R. B. R.—We do not know "why" Croydon Consols are so low in price. We did not even know that they were particularly low in price. 6s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. seems to us a pretty good price for a 5s. share (4s. 6d. paid) or even for the fully paid shares, in a Colonial company, even though it may "have paid two dividends."

SUSSEX.—You want too much. We cannot give you "a list of (say) six first-class A 1 securities giving a yield of 4 per cent. per annum, with the chances of increase of capital." We could give you a list of "first-class A 1" securities, but they would not bring in 4 per cent. We could give you a list of 4 per cent. securities, but they would hardly be "First-Class A 1." However, the following might suit you: (1) Trustees and Executors Corporation Four per Cent. Prior Lien Bonds; (2) The Three and a-Half per Cent. Debenture Stock of the Industrial and General Trust (redeemable at 105); (3) The Four per Cent. Debentures of John Bazley White and Brothers, Limited (repayable at 110); (4) The Four per Cent. St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba First Mortgage Bonds of the Great Northern Railway Company (U.S.A.); (5) The Four per Cent. Perpetual Debentures of the Queensland Investment and Land Mortgage Co.

H. N. S.—Do not recommend the company you name. C. Arthur Pearson 5½ per cent. prefs. would suit you better. The accounts in regard to the other flotation are now being examined by the accountants.

E. J. W.—(1) Cannot recommend them. (2) A fair mining speculation, but if we held any we should sell at the present excellent price. (3) We should not touch them ourselves now. (4) The "inside" people say they are, but— (5) Three of the worst "investments" in the market.

J. R. M. and Crv. SERV.—Both too late for this issue; will be answered next week.